

*Israel's* TROUBLES  
T AND L  
TRIUMPH.

Y O R,  
The History of their dangers in,  
and deliverance out of *EGYPT*.

A S  
It is recorded by *Moses* in *Exod.*

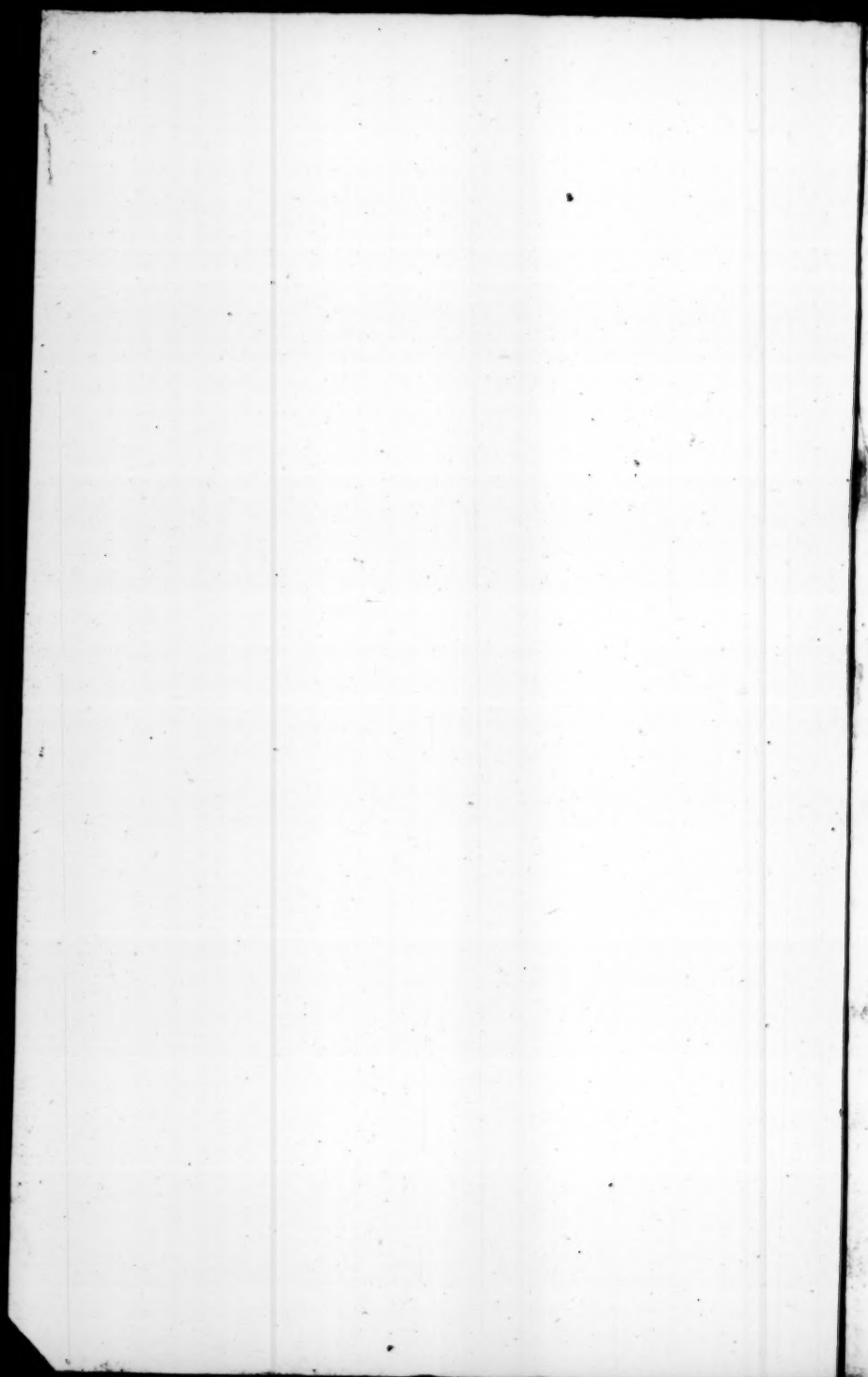
A N D  
Turned into *English* Verse.

By *GEORGE LESLY, M. A.* Minister  
of *Olney. Bucks.*

Discite Justitiam Moniti ——— *Virg.*  
*Hearken to a Verser, who may chance*  
*Rhime thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.*  
*Herbert* ———

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Author, and sold by *Nicholas Woolf*, at his House  
in *Star Court, Cheapside.* 1699.





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THE  
PRINTER  
TO THE  
READER.

THE Author makes no  
apology for what he  
hath here offered, being  
fully perswaded, that he hath  
injured no man; but in the

*The Printer to the Reader.*

room of that, or a prolix Preface, he desires me to inform you (if you be strangers in our *Israel*, and know not) that since the lowest of the people daily invade the Ministerial Office, he thinks that for harmless humour, and innocent diversion, an ancient Preacher may turn Religious Poet; because Rhimes (as he saith) were of old the common Theology, and why they may not be subservient to it yet he knoweth not. However, taking it for granted, he was resolved, with the Great Apostle, to become all things to all men,

*&c.*

*The Printer to the Reader.*

*&c.* If any true Son of the  
Muses seem to be dissatisfied,  
he saith to such (as *Gideon* did  
to the angry *Ephramites*) what  
have I done now in compari-  
son of you? Is not the glean-  
ing of the Grapes of *Ephraim*,  
better than the Vintage of *Abie-  
zer*, &c.

*Farewel.*

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*Israel's*

## ERRATA.

Page 5. line 19. r. *them*: p. 13. l. 13. r. *Isacides*: p. 18. l. 10. r. *Sire*: l. 30.  
 r. *your*: p. 19. l. 24. r. *your*: p. 20. l. 23. r. *armies*: p. 21. l. 30. f. *Sire*: p. 26. l.  
 20. leave out *A grant*: p. 36. l. 7. r. *hear*: p. 38. l. 7. r. *those*: p. 39. l. 3. r. *yet*:  
 p. 44. l. 1. r. *Sun*: p. 51. l. 10. r. *Remote*: p. 55. l. 12. r. *mere*: p. 36. l. 31. r. *delud-*  
*ing*: p. 61. l. 3. add *great*: l. 6. dele *their*: p. 63. l. 17. r. *God*: p. 69. l. 8. r. *so*:  
 p. 72. l. 19. r. *descrie*: p. 75. l. 25. r. *dear*: p. 78. l. 7. r. *May*: l. 26. add *himself*:  
 p. 81. l. 7. r. *never*: p. 85. l. 28. r. *not*: p. 87. l. 11. add *then*.

These, and what others are not taken notice of, the Reader  
 is requested to do it as he reads.

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# *Israel's* TROUBLES

A N D

# TRIUMPH.

**I** Sing th' Almighty's Friend and *Israel's* guide,  
His birth and rescue from th' impetuous tide  
Of rapid *Nile*, I sing his Mother's care :  
His Royal Nurse ; and how Heav'n's mercies are.  
Like himself boundless ; his own acts I sing,  
Whose growing greatness, griev'd the grumbling King,  
And all his Subjects : who combin'd to have  
His guileless blood ; how he was forc'd to leave  
A Princely Court : where ev'ry thing lookt brave ;  
His wand' rings, and his happy Residence  
At last, with *Jethro*, *Midian* Priest, and Prince ;  
His Nuptials, Trade, and of the great content  
He had in hours on Mathematicks spent,  
Astronomy was pleasant, but Gods Law  
Delighted most : since by its light he saw

B

HB

## Israel's Troubles and Triumph.

His change of State, his en'mies pride and fall,  
He saw himself made Heav'n's General,  
The flaming Bush and Voice confirmed all.

This Province, Lord, a greater light requires  
Than can be kindled by *Promethean* fires.  
The way's unbeaten, slipp'ry, dark and strange,  
Conduct thy Servant, that he may not range  
Too high 'bove what is written, nor too low,  
It's truth, not fancy, I desire to show ;  
Truth, to convince the world of *Pharaoh's* sins  
And punishments, with thee my Muse begins.

*Joseph*, the great, the good, the just and wise,  
Remov'd from *Memphis* unto Paradise,  
And *Pharaoh* to that fair *Elizian* grove,  
To perfect and perpetuate their love :  
Left *Israel* blest with all the happiness  
Their King and Brother could by deeds express :  
Which they in peace profound for many years  
Possess, ne're harb'ring jealousies nor fears,  
Admir'd, caress'd, and lov'd by ev'ry one,  
From the rude Cottage, to the Royal Throne.

But (ah!) where time is nam'd, there's nothing  
All have Convulsions, Cramps, or Calenture ;  
Earth hath strong Palsies that do shake its frame ;  
Man accidents, ten thousand without name,  
Sent from the Throne Celestial, or Abyls,  
To shew how vain a thing is humane bliss.  
Their day's o'recast, and stormy Clouds appear,  
When a strange heir sat in th' Imperial Chair :  
Whose haughty humour taught him to despise  
His Predecessors Laws, tho Just and Wise.

Our



Our Gods themselves, count it a faucy thing;  
 Said he, in Vassals to advise their King.  
 A Monarchy that's absolute I'll have,  
 I'll change the name of Subject into Slave.  
 To reign one day is much more glorious  
 Without controul : than ages crēbed thus  
 With endless Counsels. I will rule alone ;  
 By borrow'd light the former *Pharaohs* shone ;  
 I must Eclipse that. Turning to his Court,  
 You see, said he, the great, the oft resort  
 Of all sorts daily to our *Goshenites*,  
 This chills my blood, this checks my active sp'rits.  
 Ah me, oppress'd ! My thoughts I can't relate,  
 My apprehensions of our falling state  
 Are black and dismal, my night dreams foretel  
 Our overthrow by them that with us dwell.  
 And here he stopt : tho more he would have said,  
 Leaving the rest to tears, which crav'd their aid :  
 Tears ! that like torrents from his eyes distill'd,  
 All the beholders with amazement fill'd,  
 Whose sympathizing eyes and hearts condole,  
 The tort'ring torments of his troubled soul,  
 With pickled sighs ; which o're, they bow and say,  
 Dread Sovereign , do you propose the way,  
 Your sorrow's ours : if that be its true rise,  
 The common Foe at once we'll sacrifice ;  
 Which is soon done, if we right measures take,  
 That's vent'ring all for King and Country's sake.

This brisk resolve reviv'd the drooping King,  
 So as the aged Winter's by the Spring ;  
 His center'd blood resum'd its circ'lar course,  
 The briny streams are stopped at their source ;

## Israel's Troubles and Triumph.

All parts are changed. clarify'd his eyes,  
 His tongue's untty'd, with which he magnifies  
 Their Love and Courage. Daring souls, said he, }  
 This undertaking calls for secrecy,  
 Since they we must attack most subtil be. }  
 If it takes air, they'll quickly trace the scent,  
 Destroy our Persons and our Government.  
 Once more invade; then we must bow the head  
 (As heretofore) with pray'rs and tears for bread :  
 Or if a Foreign Foe should us infest,  
 They'd joyn with them, and prove worse than the rest.  
 They know our Strength, they know our Houses well,  
 They know our Closets, where we Money tell :  
 Which they would rife, and from us be gone,  
 'Gainst this I know no Remedy but one,  
 (They live in wealth and ease, as if their Land  
 Was not by Grace, but by a conqu'ring hand.  
 This irritates their wild and wealthy Souls,  
 To publish *Israel* wise, and us kind Fools.)  
 I must an Edict frame, that may suppress  
 Their pride and pow'r, and all our wrongs redress ;  
 Which must run thus. Our Countries open'lye,  
 To ev'ry one that hath a wishing eye,  
 On us such may make Inroads when they please, }  
 Destroy our State, our Fruits, disturb our ease, }  
 And stop our Traffick both by Land and Seas. }  
 In ev'ry Town I'll raise a Cittadel,  
 That Foreign Force I may with Force repel,  
 And keep these under, lest they should rebel. }  
 Then for Provisions, Store houses I'll build  
 To these: for their own safety they will yield.  
 With ravish'd ears th' *Egyptians* heard this thing,  
 And said, what Nation e're had such a King.



## Israel's Troubles and Triumph.

He's wise as *Phœbus*, valiant, yet kind,  
This seeming favour will the *Hebrews* bind  
To own this new design, and to employ  
Themselves in it, tho it themselves destroy,  
Make them our slaves, and us their wealth enjoy. }

' Loyalty shuts its eyes to ev'ry thing,  
' That may its King into suspicion bring,  
' And theirs is such, (for any thing we know)  
' A God above they own, but you below,  
' Confirm it, Sir —

This black design is now so closely laid  
That no eye saw't, nor ear heard what they said, }  
But Hell's and theirs, thus *Israel* was betray'd.

' Rage, Malice, Fury, Blood, Revenge, till now,  
' Ne're seiz'd the heart, nor sat upon the brow  
' Of any former *Pharoah*, Meekness, Love,  
' Adorn'd their Temples, blessings from above.  
' Blest Souls such virtues made, their Kingdom great  
' Then lov'd by Friends, their Foes for peace to treat, }  
' And of their plenty Foreigners did eat.

Their Conference into a Law is past,  
And Proclamations issu'd out in haste  
Through all the Tribes, to let them understand  
That none must be Free-holders in that Land.  
All must do suit and service, pay quirk-rent,  
Or else be forced into banishment.  
This our just Law, if any doth despise,  
Him we to our Revenge will sacrifice.  
There's no appeal, I'm absolute you know,  
I kill and save, my Subjects all must bow

# Israel's Troubles and Triumph.

At my sole beck — Your answers quickly give,  
Obedience is the only way to live,  
If I condemn, there's none can you relieve. }

With fault'ring tongues, faint hearts, the Tribes  
(It is well known) we never did deny      reply,  
Our King's commands, we do not think it strange  
To see new Monarchs make in Laws a change.  
We will obey, we know submission's due;  
First to our Fathers God, and then to you.  
What must we do---Some thousands you must take, }  
Who for defence of us and you must make  
Brick for our buildings, and what else we lack. }  
Our winged haste admits of no delay,  
The act ( you know ) commenc'd this very day,  
That some of them make Brick, some oversee  
The rest, and give a just account when we  
The same require——

'When peremptory Acts come from the State }  
'There is no time giv'n to deliberate }  
'On what is right; if not, none must debate. }

The Labourers are chosen by the best,  
Who with smooth words encourage all the rest :  
Fear nothing, Sirs, this sudden storm will o're,  
And we enjoy our Freedom as before.  
This said, th' *Egyptian* Task-masters appear,  
Whose furious frowns gave them just cause to fear  
'Twas otherwise. Come, Sparks, where are your  
Tools?  
See ! how they gaze, and stare, they think we're  
Fools.

Take

### Israel's Troubles and Triumph.

Take you this Spade, and you that Pickaxe take,  
Bind you that Leather Budget to your back.  
What else is wanting ? Here, take up this Trowel:  
The day comes on. All whisper, this is cruel.  
Thus rigg'd, they travel to the Slimy Pits,  
Where some are dampt with fumes, some had strong  
(fits,  
Some choak'd in mud, others with cold are kill'd,  
Most swoon with fear, the rest with Sorrow fill'd,  
Cry out, Alas ! now, now we see (tho late)  
Approaching ruin —  
Haste, haste away, you see it is in vain  
To fret and murmur, or of us complain,  
It is decreed, and we your Guides expect  
That you shall always act as we direct.  
If you incense your Monarch, or our wrath,  
Your punishment will be a ling'ring death.  
Compliance is the only way to please  
Both him and us —

' He that can form th' Idea of a fair,  
' A glorious Princess in a Royal Chair,  
' Adorn'd with all the wonders of the East,  
' Whose common fare is not a common feast ;  
' One, whose Attendants could exceed the train  
' Of *Philip's* Son, or that of *Charlemaign*,  
' Cast down from honours top to dark disgrace,  
' Amongst the baser sort of Human Race,  
' Wrapt up in Rags, black, wrinkled, and half dead,  
' May in her Face poor *Israel's* Fortune read,

Such was their grief, and such their mis'ries were,  
Hard was their work, and harder much their fare :

Yet had they still a numerous Off-spring,  
 Which gave new wounds to the fresh-bleeding King.  
 Where shall I turn, said he? where shall I go?  
 The more I seek their fall, the more they grow.  
 Speak boldly, brave *Egyptians*, let your breath  
 Condemn them, let your Swords give present death }  
 To all their Males: This will appease my wrath. }  
 If Infant blood can cure your hearts disease,  
 Their Infants all shall bleed to give you ease:  
 We are agreed, that *Nile's* deep watry Tomb,  
 Shall swallow up their Children from the Womb,  
 There ev'ry Male as soon as born shall lye;  
 Which will in time destroy their progeny,  
 Defeat their Counsels, Plots and Policies,  
 Compleat our Joys, compleat their Miseries,  
 For in the Childrens murders Parents dye,  
 They only live to sing their obsequy.  
 Bravely resolv'd! but who can do a thing  
 So cruel? Heav'n and Earth of us will ring,  
 To our eternal shame if we miscarry,  
 He that's most Loyal, ought to be most wary.  
 Fear nothing, Sir, this project will succeed  
 As you desire, our Midwives are agreed  
 Joyntly, as one to act as we command——

They're merciful, and dare not lift a hand  
 Against a Gasping Infant: but will save  
 Not kill, nor drown them in that Liquid Grave.

' Let Tyrants thirst for blood, and measures take  
 ' Against Heav'ns will, such measures he will break,  
 ' No Weapon form'd against his Friends can prove  
 ' Deadly, for they are shielded with his love.

This

*Israel's Troubles and Triumph.*

9

This pious act soon sounds in *Pharaoh's* ears,  
Bringing new woes, new jealousies, new fears ;  
To which he giveth vent by Sighs and Tears.  
Did I not foresee what the Queens would do,  
Tho they Commission had from me and you,  
(They who State secrets do commit to Women,  
Deserve to lose their honour, and turn Yeomen)  
'Tis manifest, you did with them combine  
To cross my lawful, cross my just design ;  
Call in the Strumpets, they must show the cause  
Of their contempt of me and of my Laws ;  
By suffering those little Foes to live,  
Whom I had doom'd to death without reprieve.  
Call them I say — They trembling do appear,  
His Visage changed oft, as they drew near,  
Sure signs the women had just cause to fear.  
Then said, Unhappy and ungrateful fools,  
Yet more blame-worthy they, who us'd such tools,  
In things of so great weight and secrecy,  
You are made up of lies and flattery.  
Had you been wise and just in that affair  
That was intrusted to your (only) care,  
My woes had ended, and that cursed race  
Been raz'd or bury'd in the fertile place  
They now enjoy, — Speak.

Great, Sir, if Oaths be sacred, we are true,  
Who ne're meant good to them, nor ill to you.  
In this affair we not blame-worthy are,  
To drown their Infants was our greatest care.  
But *Hebrew* Women, stronger much than ours,  
Have painless labour, they say higher pow'rs  
Assist them ; and if so, their God is kind,  
'Twas both against our interest and mind.

Our



Our search of late can find no birth of theirs,  
 Nor nothing like it, only them at pray'rs.  
 Yet *Pharaoh* swore by Sacred Moon and Sun,  
 That he would finish what he had begun ;  
 In spite of all (said he) their Blood I'll have,  
 Although in Blood I wallow to my Grave.  
 He frown'd, Heav'n smil'd, and said, I'll interpose,  
 I'll show my pow'r, love, will, in saving those  
 Whom I long since for my own Servants chose.  
 I am resolv'd out of that hated race  
 To raise up one shall dare him to his face ;  
 And this he knows, tho I have made him blind  
 To all the Scourges are for him design'd ;  
 His close Cabals my Wildom shall defeat,  
 Whom I destroy I first infatuate.

' This spoke, 'twas done, for *Amram* did espouse  
 A Wife of his own Tribe, of his own House,  
 Who had by him before this Edict came  
 A hopeful pair, *Aaron* and *Miriam* ;  
 Her third Conception which she did bring forth  
 A Son of Beauty was, who promis'd worth,  
 Whom she (afraid) hid in a secret place,  
 And there him suckled for full three months space  
 At last, true Faith and Fear in her did strive,  
 This bid her drown, and that keep him alive.  
 Faith urg'd, that she a *Lewite's* Daughter holy,  
 Should not be guilty of so great a folly,  
 So great a crime as to destroy her Son,  
 But choose to dye, say'ng Heav'n's will be done.  
 To which her tim'rous Tongue made this reply,  
 The King's command is urgent, then if I  
 Be apprehended in this Fact, all, all  
 The *Hebrew* Nation for my fault will fall.

Israel's Troubles and Triumph.

II

No, I will trust the Babe with providence,  
When I have used means for his defence,  
Such are the care ev'n of omnipotence.

She said, and reach'd her hand unto the Flags,  
Of which a Boar-like Cradle lin'd with Rags  
She made, and cork'd with slimy Pitch all o're,  
Lest it should sink, if driven from the shore,  
And plac'd him there as if he went to sleep,  
Committing both to Heav'n and to the deep.

' Hid Rocks, roughs Seas, fierce Pyrates, Shelves and  
(Sand,  
' The Merchants fear, and yet come safe to Land.

Now Horror-struck, in haste she *Miriam* calls,  
Come, come my dear, see'st thou not yonder walls.  
Haste, hasteth thee thither, if thou lov'st thy Mother,  
And see the last of my dear Boy, thy Brother.  
Stand at a distance, grieve not, shed no tear,  
Look pleasantly on all, then nothing fear.

' 'Tis easier to give Counsel than to take,  
' The burthen's light that's on another's back.

She had not long been a Spectator there,  
When *Pharaoh's* Daughter, thro the Almighty's care,  
Was brought 'bout Sun-set to the calmed Creek,  
Where th' Infant lay, his life or death to seek,  
Who saw the Ark, and to her Ladies said,  
Draw up this toy, if any thing be laid  
In it I'll see; when open'd, she espy'd  
A lovely Child, who hung the Lip and cry'd.  
O Girl! said she, this is a glor'ous thing,  
I read in's face the Fortunes of a King.

Come,

Come, come, my dear, I'm ravish'd with thy charms,  
 Come, come and grasp a Princess in thy arms!  
 I have no Heir, Dear, thou shalt be my Son,  
 Dear unto me, as if my Flesh and Bone.

The Sister buoy'd with this Spring-Tyde of joy,  
 This unexpected rescue of the Boy,  
 With much assurance to the Princess bows,  
 Say'ng, Great Madam, in that Neighbouring house  
 There is a Woman who is neat and tall,  
 Of fair complexion, the Graces all :  
 Sit on her brow in purest red and white,  
 Perhaps her beauty may the Prince delight,  
 She loves your Grace, altho an *Israelite*.  
*Egyptian* or *Hebrew*, said the Queen,  
 I like the character, when I have seen.  
 The person, her I for his Nurse will take,  
 And shew her kindness for my Darlings sake.  
 Call her. She came in haste ; the Queen, of Love  
 Sent her half drest and left the rest to *Jove* :  
 Who plac'd such Graces on her humble heart,  
 As made her much more beautiful than Art  
 Could ever boast; her mein, his words, her gate,  
 Bespoke her Mistress of a better state,  
 And now it's come, prosperity ne're comes late.  
 Whom when the Princess saw, she lift her eyes  
 And hands aloft, blessing her Deities  
 For this unlook'd for kindness, then her hand  
 She grip'd, and said, I thought that *Goshen-Land*,  
 Had not been blest with Beauties such as you.  
 To which she (blushing) answer'd, my brow,  
 Great Madam, once was fair, alas! but now,  
 It's tann'd with grief —

Such



Such Sun-burn'd faces I am pleas'd to see,  
 Reply'd the Princess, take this Boy from me ;  
 I did a Nurse for him intend before,  
 Whom he despis'd , try you my Knave once more.  
 Her Snow-like Breasts expos'd, their veins display,  
 By which, tho young, he knows the milky way,  
 Then smiling, capers, snatches, sighs and draws  
 The Pipes that drain the Nectar from those *Spaws*:  
 This Infant toil the Queen beholds with joy,  
 And smiling said, your face hath caught the Boy ;  
 Keep him, fair Nurse, he's yours and mine, I'll pay.  
 This heard to Heav'n, she silently did say ,  
 Thou great Protector of th' *Istiaes*,  
 For this high favour I will ever bless  
 Thy Sacred name, and daily pay the vow  
 I made to thee, when my Estate was low.  
 Then to the Princess she made this reply,  
 Your Goddess-like Commands I will obey,  
 My life, and all that's dear I'll sacrifice  
 For you and yours, and for this Heav'n giv'n prize.

' If Providence and beauty do unite,  
 ' They make th' *Egyptian* love the *Isra'ite*.  
 ' When winged Chymists made, and gave the charm  
 ' Nor *Nile*, nor *Egypt* could the Infant harm.  
 ' The Mothers fear by Heav'n was made the key,  
 ' T' unlock the Providential mystery.

Raptures of joy, tho violent and strong,  
 Admit allays, when mixed with the throng  
 Offuture events, and as quickly gone  
 As was her bliss, when she receiv'd her Son ;  
 Not from a Fishes womb, dead, and decay'd,  
 But from the hand half *Egypt's* Scepter sway'd,

To whom he must return when he is wean'd,  
 (Such Princely Nurs'ries cannot be detain'd)  
 Not to make Bricks, but for a Diadem,  
 'Twas to that end the Princess gave the name,  
 By Heav'n's appointment, *Moses*, as if she  
 From *Abraham* had drawn her Pedigree:  
 A fatal blow to *Pharaoh's* Tyranny.

Wean'd, and return'd, his lively looks and sport  
 Are now the common subject of the Court :  
 None like young *Moses*, none hath equal share  
 With him in *Pharaoh's* love, in's Daughters care.  
*Mars* and *Apollo* his chief Tutors are,  
 To teach him Wisdom, and the art of War ;  
 Wisdom to rule, and Conduct to defend  
 His Subjects well, from ill his helpless friend.

Now he's thought fit to sit above the best  
 Of *Egypt's* Peers, and yet is not at rest.  
 The reason of his name when call'd to mind,  
 He knew it *Hebrew*, this his Soul inclin'd  
 To do some great thing for his Country's ease,  
 Yet loth his 'doptive Mother to displease :  
 He sees, and hears their Miseries and cries,  
 Without concern, Court Gaudy Butterflies  
 Dazled his youthful Eyes, the silken Nets  
 Of honour wreath him so, that he forgets  
 Himself, his name, and for some time confin'd  
 His heart and hands from that he had design'd ;  
 But all those charms were loathsome when he spy'd  
 A wounded *Hebrew*, (of which wound he dy'd)  
 Bathed in Blood. What? Slave, said he, (none by)  
 Must these men work, and yet your Victims lye :

Thy

Thy life shall pay for his; this fatal Dart  
Thrown by my hand, shall pierce thy env'ous  
And shall expel thy Soul, that all may see (heart,  
The just reward of this thy cruelty.

Return'd to Court, his grief next night did break  
His wonted rest, he must rise and go back  
To see his friends, and to suppress their foes,  
Thus did commence his hardships and his woes.

Night-Tapers were not yet extinguished,  
Nor *Titan* started from his watry bed,  
When he in haste unto the Kilns repairs,  
With pensive mind, and head perplext with cares,  
About his Brethrens usage, Bondage snares,  
He comes and sees, a sad amazing sight,  
Two *Jews* in hot dispute and fiercer fight,  
With whom he mildly did expostulate  
About the rise of their unkind debate.  
Say'ng, is it not enough that en'mies beat,  
Kill, and abuse you? this unnat'ral heat  
Will work your ruin. He that gave the cause  
Said, you begin too soon to frame new Laws:  
What? must a beardless stripling be our Judge,  
Who is more fit with us to be a drudge,  
If that suffice to expiate his crime,  
Committed yesterday about this time.

'When Heav'n designs for men, things great and  
good,  
'They are despis'd, because not understood.  
'*Moses* is sent to free them from their woes,  
'Yet they're the first proclaim themselves his foes;

'That

' That scorn his Counsel : threat'ning to declare  
' How *Pharaoh's* Servants by him treated are.

This like a rapid Cataract o'reflow'd  
His Soul with fear : which his sad count'nance show'd  
Who fighting (from a bleeding heart) thus said,  
The thing is known, alas ! I am betray'd,  
*Pharaoh* will hear't : who me already hates  
I will not fall into his hands, the fates he  
Shall guide my wandring steps ; none knows what  
(Who only knows events will do with me.  
His Providence may find a safer place  
VVith Foreigners (perhaps) of milder Race : }  
VVhose pity will preserve me from disgrace.  
*Egypt* Farewel — He is no sooner gone  
But his escape unto the King is flown,  
And cause assign'd : which they thus aggravate,  
This is the fruit of pity ; our poor State  
VVill quickly dwindle to an empty name,  
Unless you find out means to quench this flame,  
It is unsufferable ! Our great Monarch's blood  
VVill be as cheap if they be not withstood,  
And we their slaves. The King enraged said,  
Hark ! foolish Girl, your Son so magnify'd,  
Is turn'd already Traytor to my Crown,  
Slights your Relation, Favours doth disown,  
My Subjects he hath killed for their care }  
No man can tell what his pretensions are,  
But I'll prevent him, lest he go too far. }  
His death (when found) shall let the *Hebrews* see }  
That dreams are vain, their visions fallacy, }  
And that their famed God may sometimes lie. }

Strict

Strict search is made for him about the Court,  
City and Suburbs where he did resort,  
But all in vain ; his Angel-Providence  
Before next light, convey'd him far from thence,  
And made him strange, invisible to all  
Who fought his blood, who fought his Nations fall.  
The Desert now's his Inn, the Rocks his Bed,  
He must no more with delicates be fed ;  
But travel hard, and eat such nat'ral fare,  
As by kind Soil and Earth produced are :  
Lemmons and Chase-nuts, Mellons, Mangoes, Rice,  
Oranges, Almonds, Nutmegs and their Spice.  
His Drink the Milk of Coco's mixt with Wine,  
That thro Earth's bosom secretly doth twine.

' A gen'rous Breast is equally content  
' With Plenty, Poverty or Banishment.

He sings of his adventures by the Well,  
Near unto which the *Midian* Priest did dwell.  
He sings his Birth, his Cradle, Rapid Nile,  
He sings his rescue with a pleasant smile,  
The Princess's fondness, and her Father's care,  
He sings the cause why all these blasted were ;  
And then the quiet of a Hermit-life  
Free from the cares at Court, and Country strife,  
The joys accruing by a virtuous wife. }

This *Jethro's* Daughter heard, whose daily care  
Was that their Herds and Flocks well water'd were.  
Tho to their grief, they often were constrain'd  
To wait the rising of the Well, when drain'd



By surly Swains, who with their Cattle came,  
 Because that water had the praise of fame.  
 'Twixt frown and smile (this noble Soul disdain'd  
 To see the daily wrongs the Maids sustain'd)  
 He said, dull Souls, is this your carriage  
 To these fair Nymphs? Doth neither Sex nor Age,  
 Nor beauty charm you? Will you ne'er be brave,  
 And shew that Shepherds scorn both Clown and  
 Knaves?

Cold Mists and Dews their florid beauties break,  
 When Frost and Hail your Faces fairer make;  
 For shame forbear, if you be Great *Pan's* race,  
 Fill up the Troughs, and give these Maidens place.  
 Sir we are yours: since they with you find grace,

The Shepherdesses soon dispatched are,  
 Who hastening home, the first that did appear  
 Was the old Priest, whose fears dispersed were.  
 What! come so early? are the Flocks all well?  
 You look as if you had some News to tell.  
 Yes Reverend Sir, a noble Personage,  
 Of aspect fair, courteous above his Age,  
 By's Habit (nothing else) *Egyptian*,  
 Drew all our water after we began,  
 And curb'd our Rivals for their insolence.  
 Where is the Hero stood in your defence?

know,  
 'He's great and good, the Gods themselves you  
 'Have Human Shapes and Actions when below.

Haste to the Well, he may from thence remove,  
 And say, our Parents must requite his love.  
 Arm'd with Command, they ran in winged haste  
 To their deliverer, and him thus address.

Fair

Fair stranger, we such favours thought was due  
 From every Swain, much more from such as you:  
 VVho for the matchless Glories of your face,  
 Your sprightly looks, your grave and graceful pace,  
 My justly claim precedence of your race.  
 VVe home-bred, bashful wenches went away,  
 VVithout thanks giv'n, not knowing what to say.  
 But coming timely home, we did relate  
 To our old Father *Raguel*, our fate,  
 How you our quarrel boldly did debate;  
 Water'd our Flocks, and bid us all adieu.  
 Who said, I blush to hear such things from you,  
 Ingratitude makes all things black you know.  
 Go, say I'm restless till I see his face,  
 T' excuse your rudeness, know his name and race.

' The Rosie morn such Beauties ne're display'd,  
 ' Such blushes and such smiles, as did the Maid  
 ' And Stranger, who reciprocally dart  
 ' Equal desires, as if they'd had one heart.

Bold with the charm, he took and kist her hand,  
 Say'ng Fair Nymph since you've received command  
 To offer me this honour, I will go,  
 As they desire, my name and race I'll shew,  
 That, and much more I to you beauty owe.

' The sighs, the smiles, and the endearing strains,  
 ' Past 'twixt our Lovers, as they cross the plains,  
 ' Are thoughts too high for any but such Souls,  
 ' As *Venus* softens with *Circean* Bowls.

He comes, salutes, and soon acquaintance had  
 With *Raguel*, *Jesbro* and *Zipporah*, who said  
 Blushing,

Blushing, Dear Sir, I love this stranger well,  
 Perswade him (if you can) with us to dwell.  
 Heav'n rules the Stars, the Stars our Actions guide,  
 All which portend that I shall be his Bride ;  
 And if my judgment fail not, you will see  
 Him prop and glory of our Family,  
 He hath in's Face such Beams of Majesty.  
 Your pardon, Sir, with your consent I crave  
 To be his wife, for he a wife will have.  
 How know'st thou that, fond Girl ? Sir, at the Well  
 I heard him sing (unseen) and he sung well.  
 Most of the Subject mystical but this,  
 He ended with the praise of Marriage blifs.  
 Be not too forward, he may change his mind,  
 And after all, prove peevish or unkind ;  
 'Tis rare a constant Courtier to find.

Some time is spent in viewing of the place,  
 The Herds, the Flocks, the Buildings and the Grass ;  
 The manner of their Living, and their Laws,  
 Sacred and Civil, their sweet Springs and Spaws.  
 The stranger shew'd his great content in all,  
 And wish'd himself the woolly General  
 Of *Jethro's* bleating arms, and that he  
 Might be a Servant in that Family.

' Had you seen *Venus* in her Robes Divine ,  
 ' Or *Helen* in *Corinthian* bravery shine ;  
 ' Young *Paris's* love, but now the sport of fame,  
 ' The *Greeks* disturber, and the *Trojans* shame :  
 ' Or *Rachel* fair, when in her nat'ral dress,  
 ' Whom at the Well the Patriarch did caress,  
 ' Then at our *Zipporah's* Beauty you might guess.

When



When she appear'd in splendour like love's Queen,  
 All on a flame, and yet would not be seen  
 To be her Martyr. *Jethro* must make way,  
 Who to our Gallant (smiling) thus did say.  
 Sir, doth our Country please? Can any thing  
 Within my reach to you contentment bring?  
 Speak freely, all is yours, my joy, my life,  
 My eldest Daughter you may have to wife.  
 Dear *Zipp*. what say'st thou to this choice of mine.  
 My dearest, Sir, said she, this great design  
 May be above my Merits; yet since yours,  
 I do submit. O! may the higher Pow'rs  
 Direct us all.—

' When brave *Leander* boldly ventured,  
 ' O're *Hellefpont* by fatal Torches led;  
 ' When mighty *Jove* came down in Golden Show'rs,  
 ' Nor *Hero's* charms, nor *Danae's*, had more Pow'rs  
 ' Than *Zipp'ra's* eyes, and *Jethro's* well-tun'd breath.  
 ' The stranger (blushing) said, I'm yours to death.

Joynt promise giv'n, and rites all consummate,  
 Our Lovers, now, are in a fearless state,  
 Bashful and coy no more, their Bed is one,  
 Till pregnant *Zipporah* had a hopeful Son.  
 Whom *Moses Gershom* nam'd, himself to mind  
 Of th' entertainment he on earth should find.  
 A stranger there, he was; tho lov'd and known,  
 Tho *Jethro's* House and Flocks were as his own.  
 Where he abode until the time was come  
 That *Pharaoh* from the fates must have his doom.  
 Tho Kings be Gods, they cannot scape the Tomb.  
 Whose unlamented fall the *Hebrews* cheer'd,  
 Who said, by our new King we may be heard;

But all their hopes and wishes proved vain,  
 Their Tasks are doubled, and the Lab'ers slain.  
 This made them sigh, this made them pray and cry  
 To Heav'n, that he no longer would deny  
 His promis'd aid, who call'd his word to mind,  
 And said, I must to *Israel* be kind;  
 For *Abra'm*, *Isaac*, and for *Jacob's* sake,  
 Their Fetters I'll knock off, their Chains I'll break.  
 Now, I think fit to ease, and set them free  
 From their heart-breaking sorrows, slavery.

' 'Twas I that suffer'd *Joseph* to be sold,  
 ' Imprison'd and releas'd; 'twas I enroll'd  
 ' His name with *Egypt's* Worthies, it was I  
 ' That gave the wisdom, him did dignify;  
 ' I moved *Pharaoh* to send for the Father,  
 ' I taught the Son all *Egypt's* Corn to gather  
 ' Before the Famine; I gave *Israel* grace  
 ' With *Egypt's* King, and chose for him a place:  
 ' *Goshen* (the fair) where he in wealth did flourish,  
 ' 'Twas I his num'rous Family did nourish  
 ' (When dead); 'twas I his Bones to *Canaan* sent,  
 ' A pledge of's Children's future settlement.  
 ' It is for reasons to me only known,  
 ' They have not yet enjoy'd it, tho' their own.  
 ' But now they shall the best of Lands inherit,  
 ' Because I love them, not because they Merit.

The fodder spent, and *Midian* Pastures bare,  
 Religious *Moses* doubleth his care  
 To find out Grass; at last his Flocks he brings  
 Unto the back of *Horeb*, where the Springs

Are

Are limpid, salutiferous, and where  
The Pastures good, and Sky is always clear,  
And gladsome Spirits have fam'd dwellings there.  
Here, he with patience waits th' accomplishment  
Of Heav'ns promise, and what else Heav'n meant.

The Angel-God, to hasten his design  
Appear'd as man, but cloath'd with Light Divine:  
A bush surrounding with Celest'al fire,  
This sight made *Moses* discompos'd, retire.  
The flame was hot and fierce, yet frighted more,  
Because the Shrubs stood verdant as before.  
With pensive thoughts mov'd, he lookt back to see  
The end of this (yet unknown) myltery,  
Taking it for a sign of victory  
O're some Great Prince ———

Heaven sees, and calls him twice,  
*Moses*, *Moses* be curious, take advice;  
Look to thy Feet, and make no rash advance,  
This place is holy, sign of importance.  
I'm no deceitful, nor fictitious *Jove*,  
Tho in this bush, I am the God of Love.  
He in whom *Abra'm* trusted, *Isaac* fear'd,  
And for whole honour *Jacob* Altars rear'd.  
That seen, this heard, the trembling Shepherd bows,  
Just sentiments of both in's face he shews,  
With vail'd Eyes, not daring more to see,  
Such woful beams of splendid majesty  
As had the Author of this prodigy.

Whilst he in this dejected posture lay,  
(His senses lockt) not knowing what to say,  
A sweet, refreshing, soft, melodious voice,  
Revives his Spirits, and bids him rejoyce,

Say'ng, the promis'd time is fully come.  
 Of *Israel's* freedom, and th' *Egyptian's* doom.  
 It was not my forgetfulness that did  
 Protract their Bondage, my eyes were not hid,  
 Nor bowels hard, my Providence requir'd  
 That they should first with *Egypt's* fare be tir'd,  
 And worship too ———

I must now for my ancient promise sake,  
 For which Truth, Justice, Goodness, are at stake, }  
 Use such sure methods as shall bring them back. }  
 All their opposers shall before them fall,  
 That brutish Nation shall no more enthrall  
 The Off-spring of my Friends, I've heard their cry,  
 And am come down their wrongs to rectify ;  
 Their Sorrows to remove, their State to change,  
 From making Bricks, to cultivate a Grange  
 That's large and fruitful, whose Inhabitants  
 (Their cup now full) shall be expos'd to wants,  
 My Peoples complaints I cannot longer bear,  
 Without redress, revenge on them that tear  
 Their Hearts with Tongues and Hands, it is my will,  
 Go thou to *Pharaoh*, and bid him fulfil,  
 The Lords commands and send his Friends away,  
 Doubt not th' event, I *Egypt's* Sceptre sway.

To this the bashful Shepherd answer made,  
 Great God, thou know'st the meanness of my Trade,  
 And rural dress, make me unfit to speak  
 With *Pharaoh* of a business so great,  
 For 'tis to spoil a Tyrant of his prey,  
 Who threat'neth death to all that disobey  
 His absolute commands, I know long since  
 No good can be expected from that Prince.

Courage,

Courage my Friend, look great, the work is mine,  
 Let *Pharoah* frown, and Hell with him combine ;  
 Thou by my pow'r, shall finish this design,  
 And when my people thou dost from him take,  
 See, on this Mountain thou an Altar make,  
 For their deliv'rance, and mine honours sake.

Lord, said the Shepherd, this great prodigie  
 Confirms my feeble faith, which yields to thee ;  
 Yet when I unto them this Message carry,  
 They'll scoff and say, this mad man makes us merry,  
 Who sent thee hither ? tell us what's his name ?  
 Or own thy self a Fool, and blush for shame.]  
 What answer must I give to this demand,  
 Let me obtain this favour at thy hand,  
 If I must go ? — My being is immense,  
 I am, I was, I will be, get thee hence ;  
 By this I to their Fathers was well known,  
 And they the same (if theirs) will likewise own,  
 But if they scruple at this Mystic name,  
 Say, you from me, the God of *Abra'm* came,  
 Who long since, unto him a promise gave,  
 (His providence serv'd by *Israel's* being slave  
 In *Egypt*) he would them in *Canaan* place,  
 This is my name to all the *Jewish* race.  
 Thou must be chief in this great enterprize,  
 Hasten unto *Egypt*, call the grave and wise  
 Amongst the Tribes, and thy commission show,  
 By its contents the author they will know ;  
 No circumstance of that thou must withhold  
 Hath been transacted here by me, be bold ;  
 Relate the place, the Person, words and sign,  
 By which they'll know, it is no mock design,

Tell



Tell them, that now I with a melting eye,  
 Behold their sorrows, burthens, misery,  
 And by a powerful hand will bring them forth  
 From *Egypt's* bondage, publishing their worth  
 To *Canaanites* and *Hittites*, who shall give  
 The Houses unto them in which they live.  
 The *Amorites* and *Perizzites* shall say,  
 The Land's not ours, arise, we must away;  
 The *Hivites* and the *Jebeusites* shall haste  
 Out of their place; saying, 'tis th' Almighty's waste,  
 Which he on his own Friends will now bestow,  
 Where most, and best, of Fruits shall ever grow,  
 And Milk and Honey like the Waters flow.  
 When they hear this all quickly will agree  
 To act as they directed are by thee,  
 Then lose no time, but haste unto that King,  
 And say, you tydings from *Jebozab* bring:  
 Who charges all the Tribes on pain of Death,  
 By Sacrifices, to appease his wrath;  
 Entreat that he may grant a gracious ear  
 Unto his Servants, who their God do fear:  
 Three days no more, you beg for this affair,  
 Which ended, they shall back to him repair.  
 The Wilderness is near, the fittest place  
 To sue for Pardon, Pity, and for Grace,  
 Renew their vows, and see his blessed Face.  
 Tho I am sure the refractory King  
 Will give no leave, nor credit to the thing.  
 He will not let them go, your prayers their tears,  
 Will have repulse from his vindictive ears,  
 Yet be not daunted, his vain boasts shall tend  
 To *Egypt's* utter ruin in the end,  
 The wonders I will work shall soon incline  
 His tow'ring Sp'rit to favour my design,

And

And make his Subjects give their helping hand,  
 (With all they have) to send you from the Land.  
 With all their Gold, and Jewels they will part,  
 Silver and Cloaths, all which with willing heart  
 They'll give your Children, that they may depart: }  
 So you shall be requited for your toyl,  
 In *Egypt's* furnace, with *Egyptian* spoil.

fte, }  
 ' Heav'n sits at Helm in weather foul and fair,  
 ' The Living Cargo's his peculiar care,  
 ' The Sails may split, and Masts come by the board,  
 ' The Ship may leak, and Pumps no help afford,  
 ' The Master, Mates, and Saylor's may complain,  
 ' Of Ship and lofty Winds; but all in vain;  
 ' The Waves must swell and bulge the Ship, or stave  
 ' The cutting keel, if Mighty *Jove* give leave.  
 ' But Pray'rs and Tears that Heav'n do always }  
 ' Make the Storm cease, and smoothe the foaming }  
 ' Bringing all safe to Land, with joy and ease. }  
 please,  
 Seas,

}  
 Great Lord, said *Moses*, I well knew the men,  
 To my great grief, forty years since, for then  
 By secret instinct (sure it was from thee)  
 I made a step to their delivery,  
 Which early act they for injustice took,  
 And make me leave a Sceptre for this hook,  
 This ancient odium still alive, I fear  
 Will harden their proud hearts, and stop their ear,  
 Their Unbelief that's heightned by their grief,  
 Hath from them banished all thoughts of relief,

So

nd

So that my words (I'm sure) they'll not believe,  
 Unless some sign from thee I to them give,  
 Their Souls are dead, 'tis thou must make them live. }

If I give signs, think'st thou that signs will do ?  
 Go, show them signs from me, and wonders too,  
 What's in thine hand ? My Lord, a Shepherds Crook,  
 Throw't on the Ground, and on it sharply look,  
 What is it now ? A Dragon, horrid, great,  
 All men such creatures mortally do hate.  
 Fear not, lay hold upon its twisting tail,  
 Tho it look fierce its sting shall not prevail,  
 But to the former form it shall return.  
 The Bush of late which flamed did not burn.  
 Now put thy hand into thy bosom, where  
 It may be free from hurt, infectious air,  
 Hasten take it out. Ah ! Lord I am undone,  
 This Leprosie will cleave unto the bone.  
 What ! Faithless still ? put in thy hand again,  
 Behold, it's well and free from scurf or stain,  
 Distrust no more. — If they'll not credit give  
 To the first sign, the second they'll believe,  
 If neither doth their faithless hearts affect,  
 So as to hear thee, I will then direct  
 Another way, by which thou may'st persuade  
 That you from me this grand commission had,  
 Out of fam'd Nile fair water thou shalt take,  
 Which pour'd upon the ground, my pow'r shall make,  
 Great cakes of clotted blood, shall terrifie  
 The King and them, then all shall yield to thee,

' Let Earth with Earth, Mortal with Mortal strive,  
 ' Like Wasps and Bees, when fighting for the Hive,

' Let



Let men contend with men, and let them dare  
 Each other as they list, yet take great care,  
 They fight not him, whose creatures they are;  
 His powerful Justice can soon animate  
 A Rod that's dry into a Serpent great,  
 Make Water Blood, and what else he thinks fit,  
 To overthrow their policies and wit.

This is not all, Dear God, my stamm'ring tongue  
 (For want of Elquence may do much wrong,  
 Unto this cause thou orderst me to plead,  
 (Not with the Vulgar, but) with those that lead  
 The rest, with whom nothing will relish well,  
 But what with art, and florid words doth swell.

A weak excuse, since thou well know'st that I  
 Have made mans mouth, his heart, his ear, his eye,  
 If dumb men speak, deaf hear, or blind men see,  
 No cause for these can be assign'd but me:  
 Up then, and with undaunted courage go,  
 I will be always with thy mouth; if so,  
 Thy Tongue shall like a ready Writers Pen,  
 Such reasons give all shall convince all men.  
 This burden, Lord's too heavy for my back,  
 And thou hast many stronger, some one take  
 This service to perform; let me still keep,  
 The tender Flocks of *Jethro*, Kids and Sheep,  
 As heretofore. —

Look on this bush, ungrateful, fearful man,  
 Leprosie, Serpent, Blood, then (if you can)  
 Deny obedience to his just commands,  
 Who promiseth to guide thy mouth and hands.

It is thy Wisdom, not thy Lispering Tongue,  
 I choose for this transaction ; one is sprung  
 From the same stock with thee, who shall declare,  
 With art Divine, what my intentions are,  
 And how I think to order this affair.  
 He's on the road, and big with expectation,  
 Since I inform'd him, how the *Hebrew* nation  
 Should by my pow'r, his word, thy hand, be freed,  
 And bloody measures broke, that were decreed,  
 By *Egypt* for their ruin.——

Give this in charge, when he doth first appear,  
 That when to *Goshen* he doth back repair,  
 He may, nor art, nor words, nor labour spare,  
 Both of you shall be strengthened from above,  
 To show that I afflicted *Israel* Love,  
 And shall have joynt commission, he thy mouth  
 Shall be, and thou to him as God of truth :  
 This Rod's the instrument that you must use  
 This Vengeance working Rod, on those refuse  
 T'bey my will, that mighty Monarch shall  
 By this dry Wand despised be, and fall,  
 I say be gone ——

' Heav'n could not be, nor in that Heav'n a *Fove*,  
 ' If Earth could scan the secrets of his Love ;  
 ' How he contrives, deliberates, decrees,  
 ' The fates of private Men and Monarchies ;  
 ' His wisdom is a Sea, that hath no bottom,  
 ' His providence a depth that none can fathom ;  
 ' His Wills a Law none ought to disobey,  
 ' In Heav'n and Earth, he doth the Sceptre sway ;  
 ' To Friends he is kind, to enemies austere,  
 ' Yet Justice holds the ballance here and there.

He wants not agents to effect his will,  
That Fishermen or Shepherds can fulfil ;  
If men were wanting, Water, Earth, dry Rods,  
Can force the stubborn to obey the Gods.

This new post doth not *Moses* elevate  
Above the thoughts of his (late) low estate,  
Tho he be chose Heav'n's Envoy, he doth go  
First unto *Midian* that his friends may know,  
Their Shepherd must on Embassy be sent  
To *Egypt*, whence he came in Banishment,  
His Kindreds burthen, to condole and try,  
(Once more) his Fate for their delivery.

The news when *Jethro* heard, he sighing said,  
My dearest Son I wish my feeble aid  
Could any way assist you in this task,  
It should be giv'n before you could it ask,  
My Prayers and Tears shall be that God direct  
And grant the success you from him expect.

' The enemies of God and of his Laws,  
' Submit for secret, not for open cause ;  
' *Jethro* is willing with his Son to part,  
' The staff of's Life, the joy of's Daughters heart, }  
' Tho for that loss he afterward may smart.

Night had no sooner shut the Shepherds eye,  
Than he a splendid Vision did espy.  
Of form divine ; who thus itself exprest,  
Sleep on, my Friend, sleep on, and take thy rest ;  
Then up, and haste to *Egypt*, for its strife  
'Gainst thee is ended with that Monarch's life.

' When

' When Angels guard, and give the opiate,  
' Men rest secure, nothing can hurt or hate.

Before next light gilded that Hemisphere  
The Shepherd wak'd, said *Zipporah*, my Dear,  
I've for thy love, and for our livelihoods  
In Desarts liv'd, in Mountains, and in Woods  
These forty years, where my integrity  
Was known to all, my greatest love to thee :  
Now, Heav'n resolv'd to alter my condition,  
Sends me to *Egypt*: Dear, let no suspicion  
Of fraud or hatred harbour in thy breast,  
My God commands, and his commands are best.  
I'm wholly yours, said she, Heav'n's will be done, }  
Tho Nature bids me grieve when left alone ;  
You know that Man and Wife are flesh and bone. }  
Life of my Soul, nothing can us two part,  
Thou know'st I ever had a tender heart  
Since first I saw, and helpt thee at the Well.  
True, true, my Dear, I am content to dwell  
Where you think fit. What must we take from hence?  
Only the Boys, the rest to Providence  
I will commit, except this holy Wand, }  
Which I must always carry in my hand,  
And wonders work with it in that curst land. }

' None but the Lover knows the grief to part  
' With that is lov'd, since both have but one heart.

Heav'n calls again, and bids him when he sees  
The faithless King, make fair discoveries  
Of his Intentions, and the fearful end  
He for his stubbornness will on him send.

I know

I know he'll raging say, think'st that I will  
Dismiss my Slaves, thy humour to fulfill?  
No, they have sworn to be mine for ever,  
In this opinion I will persevere.

To this reply, when they came first, 'tistrue,  
They said their Lives and Fortunes were your due,  
Ingratitude they scorn'd whilst you was kind,  
Fresh obligations them anew did bind,  
And they're the same, tho you have chang'd your  
mind,

But now their God commands, who hath a right  
O'er them, and you, whose wisdom, valour, might,  
None can oppose, when he's resolv'd to fight.

He saith, that *Israel* was his first-born Son,  
And must (tho now your Slave) in haste be gone,  
If thou persist in disobedience,  
Thy first born kill'd, he'll force his people hence.

' Good Kings are Heav'ns beloved, mankind's joy,  
' Whilst they their time and counsels do employ  
' To rule with justice, clemency and love,  
' In imitation of their King above,  
' Whilst they resolve their conduct to confine  
' Within the limits of the Law Divine,  
' Which give them ease, and firmly fix their Crown,  
' Procure mens favour, bring new blessings down  
' Upon their heads and hearts, but when their will  
' Is restless as the Sea, that ne'er lyes still,  
' But beats th' adjacent Rocks, and plows the Sands,  
' Threat'ning a Deluge o're the fertile Lands,  
' Smiting the great, and blasting those below,  
' With subtle Lightning slighting friend and foe,  
' Such *Jebu's*, curst, are their own overthrow.

D

Away



Away he goes, not fearing ill success,  
 Since potent Heav'n espous'd his business,  
 And travels hard till mid-day's scorching Sun  
 Be at on his head, which forc'd him to sit down  
 Under a shady Beech, where angry *Jove*  
 Appear'd again, not as before in love,  
 His aspect threat'ned death, which had ensu'd,  
 If *Zipporah* had not softned the cloud,  
 Who run in haste unto her younger Son,  
 And cut his fore-skin with a flinty Stone,  
 Then took the same, and threw't at *Moses* feet,  
 With unbecoming words she did him greet.  
 Is your just God with human blood aton'd,  
 Must Kings for his displeasure be dethron'd?  
 Must Women to their darlings Tygers prove,  
 T' oblige a cruel God? Is this his Love?  
 Hard hearted man, hard hearted as thy God,  
 I cannot, will not longer bear this load,  
 That you call Superstition pleaseth me,  
 I will return, yet let me hear from thee.

' Mixt matches often prove unfortunate  
 ' To private men, and always to the State.  
 ' Love, multitudes of Nuptial faults can cover,  
 ' But when Religion's one, all are past over,  
 ' One God's enough; more make all disagree,  
 ' Religious Brawls put out Religions eye.

*Aaron*, who many years had griev'd to see  
 His brethrens bondage, burthens, misery,  
 Receiv'd command from Heaven to walk abroad,  
 To meet his Brother *Moses* on the road,



Returning home, and bids him listen well  
To all such matters as he should reveal.  
This news like Balsome, his chill'd heart did warm,  
His Spirits revive, and all his Senses charm,  
He car'd not what, or whom he left behind,  
O'rejoy'd, he should his exil'd Brother find  
Alive. He hastes unto the Mount of God  
To meet him (for he there some time abode.)

The Salutations past, and tears diffill'd,  
Expressions of the joy, their hearts that fill'd,  
*Moses* to his, gives vent by this discourse,  
Is *Jocbed* alive, my Mother, Nurse?  
Are *Amram*, *Miriam*, and the rest all well?  
Yes, dearest Brother; as when you did dwell  
In *Pharaoh's* Court, this one exception made,  
Our burdens are encreas'd, tho *Pharaoh's* dead.  
This I well know, the rest I'm joy'd to hear,  
Said *Moses*, but I've wonders to declare,  
*Isr'el* must be releas'd from *Egypt's* woe,  
I have command from Heav'n to tell you so.  
See! here's my seal'd Commission in my hand  
And Weapon too, that *Memphis* must command,  
With thy assistance, I will work such signs,  
As shall that King destroy and his designs.  
This is the bus'ness, thou art eloquent,  
Show thine the cause why I am hither sent.  
Up, let us go, we must the Elders call,  
Publish our freedom and our en'mies fall.

To *Caleb* once God gave another Spirit,  
• *Elisha* did *Elijah's* gift inherit.  
• *David* did wisely play, *Saul* prophesie,  
• When they command receiv'd from God on high.

- ' So banisht *Moses* after forty years,  
 ' Returns with power to ease his brethrens fears,  
 ' Their groans, their sighs, and their heart-break-  
 ing tears,  
 ' And *Aaron* who did work or oversee,  
 ' Is Trumpet made for their delivery.

Who thus began — My dearest brethren here,  
 (If Liberty you love, or your God fear)  
 What Heav'n by *Moses* hath bid me reveal  
 The wonders must be done, that he may heal  
 All your diseases. If you signs must have,  
 Time shall bring forth as many as you crave.  
 This said, the Tribes rejoycing, answer'd all,  
 We do believe our rise, and *Egypt's* fall,  
 And since our sad affliction Heav'n hath 'spy'd,  
 Our Song shall be, let Heav'n be magnify'd.

- ' When Tempests rise, and Clouds pour down their  
 Rain,  
 ' The faint and feeble Footmen cry amain,  
 ' Help kindest Heav'n, and send us Halcyon days,  
 ' There is no walking in such dirty ways.  
 ' He hears, the storm's allay'd, and clouds appear  
 ' Serene, a blessing to the traveller,  
 ' Such were these tydings to each Jewish ear.

The Council up, and all the Elders gone,  
 They leave the Brothers to consult alone,  
 Whose next conclusion's to inform the King  
 Of what for him, they from *Jehovah* bring,  
 Great Sir, said they, the King of Kings commands  
 You his Viceroy to slacken *Israel's* bands,

That

That they a just, a pious people, may  
Rest from their tasks, to sacrifice and pray :  
We will no tumult make, when we remove  
Into the Desert, let us beg your love.

' The sacrifices of a broken heart,  
' The pray'rs and vows men unto Heav'n impart,  
' Need neither pompous shows, nor glozing art,  
' He hears in secret in the Wilderness,  
' In Mountains Christ himself made his address,  
' Who never pray'd without his wish'd success.

Impudence ! Treason ! cry'd the Heathen King,  
Fairies, not Men, from their black *Pluto* bring  
Such freakish fancies. Who's your Lord, that I  
At such a disadvantage should obey,  
To set my Slaves, my drudging Vassals free ;  
I know him not, and there's no such decree  
In my Archives ; Vile vagabonds be gone,  
You speak as if you would attempt my Throne,  
I will not let them go —  
They add, the *Hebrews* God us hither sent,  
The God of Order and of Government,  
By whom Kings Reign, 'tis his prerogative  
At pleasure to recall what he doth give,  
Who now requires, that you forthwith release  
His friends from slavery to their wonted ease,  
With leave to go unto the Wilderness.  
Dismiss the men we pray, for three days space,  
We are destroy'd if you deny this grace.  
To which th' incensed King made this reply,  
*Moses* and *Aaron* why do ye despise  
Great *Pharaoh's* Edicts, you are more than mad,  
To cheat these people, and destroy my trade,

D 3

Give

Give o'er, and let them work, it is my will,  
 They must and shall their former tasks fulfil.  
 Think you that I such numbers can maintain  
 In idleness and sloath, you must abstain,  
 Else your grave plot will quickly prove a sham,  
 And they repent that you unto them came:  
 Call the Task masters of these Slaves, I'll know  
 The reason why my work goes on so slow.  
 Unnatural Rogues, did I not strictly charge  
 That you their wonted burthens should enlarge,  
 It's your connivance, that is worthy blame,  
 It makes them think the Embassy that came  
 Was by divine appointment, but I'll see  
 What God they shall adore, if 't be not me,  
 Double their Tasks, ye Dogs, let no supply  
 Be giv'n for their assistance, Straw nor Hay,  
 Yet still demand full rate as heretofore,  
 When they had their materials from my store.  
 Go, tell the Zealots that (of late) they're Idle.  
 Go, lash their backs, I'll make them bite the Bridle,  
 Must I berival'd by I know not who?  
 Or by two Knaves cajol'd to let them go.  
 No, they shall know I rule——

' Court Parasites as soon as they receive  
 ' A royal Nod, they'll swear that *Cæsar* gave  
 ' Them pow'r by Inuendo to confound  
 ' *Babel* with *Bethel*, vile with holy ground,  
 ' Their Will's their Law, prerogative pretence,  
 ' To act against Religion, Reason, Sense.

Thus arm'd, these Officers away do fly,  
 From *Pharrah's* presence, piercing the wide Sky,  
 And *Heaven's* Hearts with their blood-thirsting cry.

Re.

Religious Fops, *Pharaoh* will give no Straw,  
 Since you deny obedience to his Law,  
 And ye from you full tasks of Bricks will draw,  
 Or we must beat you dead, there's no reprieve,  
 Unless your nameless God doth you relieve.  
 It's Harvest now, haste you unto the Fields,  
 The new reapt grounds this year much stubble yields,  
 That gather, and fulfil your work as when  
 The Straw was giv'n. Expect it not agen.  
 They try'd, but all in vain, to do the thing,  
 Which on their heads another storm did bring  
 From th' enraged Task-masters who lay,  
 Why have you not made up your tale this day,  
 Nor yesterday, as you have done before,  
 Think on your Bricks, and play the fool no more.  
 If you are moved with our harsh discourse,  
 To *Pharaoh* you may have your next recourse,  
 Perhaps your treatment may be worse than ours.  
 Like drowning men who grasp at every reed,  
 This feign'd affection their faint hopes doth feed.  
 They ran and said, Dread Sovereign we know  
 That we our selves are yours, and labours owe  
 Unto this State. We trust therefore that ye  
 For pities sake will alter the decree,  
 Publish'd against us by your royal will,  
 That without Straw, our tasks we should fulfil.  
 If this be in our pow'r, Great Sir, be judge,  
 (Tho use and hardship have taught us to drudge)  
 We're beaten without fault, they are the cause  
 Who counsel first, and then desire that Laws  
 May be enacted, on pretence of good  
 To *Egypt*, but we know it's for our blood,  
 For which they long have thirsted, and expect  
 By your command that murder to effect,



Prevent them Sir. No, no, you idle be  
 I cannot, will not alter my Decree,  
 Your new devotion made you over-quick,  
 Go hence and work, I'll show you trick for trick,

' As long besieged Castles when they see  
 ' A bloody Flag hung out, when Soldiers be  
 ' Decoy'd to Ambuscade, when Seamen fling  
 ' Their Masts o'er board, Bale, Goods and ev'ry thing:  
 ' Or when the nighted Trav'ler falls in pit,  
 ' And men condemn'd in darkest Dungeons sit,  
 ' O'erwhelm'd with endless grief, such was the state  
 ' Of *Pharaoh's* bondmen, when they knew their fate,  
 ' One swoonds, one cries, one tears his hairs and  
 ' breast,  
 ' Another rageth, desperate the rest.

What shall we do, said they? See! *Moses* comes,  
 Let's meet him, and relate our fearful dooms.  
 Now past on us, upbraid him, he's the cause  
 Of our destruction, by these bloody Laws.  
 Ah! cruel man, ran thy Commission thus,  
 Thou said'st Heaven bid thee publish unto us?  
 We'd better much never have seen thy face,  
 Than suffer thus, by work, stripes and disgrace.  
 If just such methods are, let Heav'n be judge,  
 Before thou cam'st we wrought, we did not drudge;  
 But thy ungrateful message to the King  
 Hath made us loathsome unto every thing  
 That is in *Egypt*; thy bold, bitter words  
 Sharpen their hearts against us, as their Swords,  
 This they, with fury in their looks express,  
 Would thou had'st stay'd yet in the Wilderness,



Israel's Troubles and Triumph.

41

We at our burthens then, we might have had  
Th' *Egyptian's* love ; with Straw for our Brick trade,  
Both now are lost, and we our selves in danger  
To be destroyed in our Monarch's anger.

*Moses* distrusting what might be th' event  
Of this harsh menace, highly discontent,  
Look'd pale and trembled, grief so seiz'd his heart,  
That neither *Aaron's* love nor *Aaron's* art,  
Could cure those wounds (tho green) they did so  
smart,

This made him have recourse unto the Lord,  
And peremptor'ly say, who can thy word  
Believe hereafter ; since our first attempt  
Is shamefully repuls'd with scorn, contempt,  
This was my fear, when thou to me didst say,  
Go unto *Egypt*, bring my Sons away,  
Thy promises to us increase our pain,  
Why didst thou send me? I'll return again  
To *Midian* ; since I see thy providence  
Promotes our sorrows, not deliverance,  
The Tribes despair of (ever) going hence.

' Tho Providence be beautiful and bright,  
' And brings things that most hidden are to light,  
' It often works by means that contrary are  
' To Human Reason (for it Reason far  
' Exceedeth) yet it hath the wished end,  
' Good to the good man, and the good mans friend.  
' 'Twas providence that made young *Joseph* dream,  
' His Parents and his brethren were the theme,  
' By which his future fortunes were display'd,  
' Tho he knew neither what he dreamt or said,  
' Yet for that dream was envy'd, sold, betray'd,  
' Falsely

Falsely accus'd, condemn'd to prison fast;  
 Strange steps! to make him *Egypt's* Lord at last.

What! Faithless *Moses*? fearful, dost thou fret?  
 Why stumblest in the Porch? the time's not yet  
 Fulfilled for the work, wait, thou shalt see  
 What I will do 'gainst *Pharaoh*, what, for thee.  
 I'll call my thund'ring Legions from above,  
 To force your passage, that you may remove,  
 In spite of your opposers, *Egypt's* King  
 Shall willingly to you assistance bring.  
 'Tis to me a wonder that you should  
 Dispute my promises since *Abraham* could  
 Without such, firmly rest upon my pow'r,  
 For all he had from's his birth to's his dying hour  
*El-shaddai* to him was sufficient,  
 And to his children whither so'er they went;  
 They scarce the name *Jehovah* e'er did spell,  
 But of *Adonia* talkt, and lik'd that well.  
 When I to them of *Canaan* promise made,  
 They trusted in my pow'r and always said,  
 What! tho we strangers be? Our God can give  
 This and much more: altho we may not live  
 To see it done, it is enough that ours  
 Shall of that Land be the inheritors.  
 The time is come, my patience is abus'd,  
 My Servants by proud *Pharaoh* so ill us'd,  
 That their sad groans, which I seem'd to despise,  
 Have mov'd my justice, now I must arise  
 To vindicate my truth, revenge the spite  
 Acted on every suffering *Israelite*.  
 Hope still in me, my promise I'll not break,  
 I will redeem you for my promise's sake.

Go to the Tribes, and say, I am the Lord,  
 I cannot falsify, recal my word.  
 I'll bring them forth from under *Egypt's* yoke,  
 And gently lead them; they're my tender flock,  
 To *Canaanitish* pastures where they may  
 In safety sleep, 'wake, sacrifice and pray,  
 Without disturbance, *Pharaoh* nor his land,  
 Shall take them out of the Almighty's hand,  
 My formidable actions when they see  
 Their might and rage shall truckle under me.  
 Then I with mine my Cov'nant will renew,  
 My Love is great although they be but few.  
 I will go with them to the wilderness,  
 Where with my presence I'll begin their bliss,  
 If they obstruct not their own happiness.  
 They *Canaan* shall possess, it shall be theirs,  
 By firm entail for them and for their Heirs.  
 I will make good whatever I have said,  
 Because that God, who the first promise made,  
 Which you will own, when I th' *Egyptian King*,  
 With all his Subjects to destruction bring.  
 Then be no more shame-fac'd, of fearful heart,  
 Go, all these tydings to the *Jews* impart.  
 I know they're vexed, and will not believe  
 That I th' Almighty can give a Reprieve  
 From their hard bondage. Go unto the King,  
 Who (peevishly) will ask what news ye bring?  
 To which, with boldness you shall answer make,  
 Thy Slaves are Freemen now, they must go back  
 From whence they came——

' Who would not be Religious, and fears  
 ' The wonder-worker; whose great mercies are

' Fixt as the Winters Moon, and Summer Son  
' (Lasting when both are scorched up and done)  
' His promises, his favour, and his grace,  
' Were ever such to the *Isacides*.

*Moses* revolving his late reprimand  
Receiv'd from *Pharaoh*, (with a palsied hand  
And trembling tongue) said, Lord, it is in vain  
To offer this unto the Tribes again:  
Since *Aaron's* words, nor my great signs they have  
Regarded hitherto, why should I crave  
That of a wrathful King which they'll deny?  
Since I can neither of them gratify.

— Are these your thoughts? you better things  
might know.

— Your fear makes you thus scrupulously slow,

— How dares man stay, when Heavens bids him  
go.

Distrust no more, your God doth undertake  
This wondrous task, and for that end will make  
Thy pow'ful signs bring down great *Pharaoh's*  
heart,

When *Aaron*, as thy mouth, shall act his part,  
Exceed not thy commission, say no more  
To him, than I to thee have said before.  
This bid him freely unto *Pharaoh* say,  
Heav'n's chosen Servants must not longer stay  
In his Dominions; their increased woe  
Is at an end, they must to *Canaan* go.  
I know his rage, his fury he'll deny  
Thy God, or thee in this to gratify,  
From's hard'ned heart my spirit I'll remove,  
His Conscience him shall no more warnings give

Of my displeasure, nor his future state ;  
The Devil shall him deceive till it's too late,  
I'll blind his judgment so, that he shall be  
The chiefest actor in's own tragedy.

' Like Fish unwary plung'd into the Net,  
' The more they strike, the faster in they get,  
' So he (while all my wonders I have spent.  
' Not dreaming that his own destruction's meant)  
Shall boldly with enchanting Witch-crafts dare,  
' The signs by thee and Aaron acted are.

I know he'll strive my Outguards to defeat,  
Not knowing that I have more wonders yet  
At my command ; whole Armies that can dye  
His waters Crimson ; darken his bright Sky.  
My word shall bring poor vermin from their Cells  
Will him despise, and all his Magi's spells.  
The winged Troops I've ready at my beck,  
His ruin, *Israel's* rescue to effect.  
That tawny King and all his swarthy crew,  
Shall that with vengeance learn, they never knew.  
I will the Winds let loose, and Seas adjure  
With him to make the fatal overture,  
For bringing *Israel* out by my great pow'r.  
I know when you before him (next) appear  
Your persons he will scorn, yet say draw near,  
You, who pretend a message from above,  
Must it confirm by Miracles ; or prove  
Your selves Impostors, Rebels to my Crown.  
Most willingly, say you, and then throw down  
This pregnant Rod ; which turning to a Snake,  
Shall twilt, unfold and crawl, and strive to take

The  
Kerrison's Tel. dick pick  
March 11: 1730



The Royal Scepter out of *Pharaoh's* hand,  
 At which he (much affrighted) mute will stand,  
 Nodding and sighing, for his *Sophi-band*.  
 They come. He said, what think my Priests of this?  
 Can you such Serpents turn, and make them hiss;

Alas! great Sir, said they, this fellow's art  
 Was learn'd from us, before he did depart  
 Thy Predecessors Court, and now he brings  
 Owls into *Athens*, we know better things.  
 Look on our Rods, Great Sir, which we command  
 By all our Deities, to turn from our hand  
 (As that of his) to many Serpents great  
 And when all's done, both his and ours are cheat.  
 Legerdemain can make false things appear  
 To th' ignorant, as if they real were.  
 But here is more, said he, his swalloweth yours,  
 (This) if a trick) I'm sure's beyond your pow'rs.

Well, *Moses* this is fine, but yet I must  
 See more and greater things, before I trust  
 That you commission have from any God  
 To rob me of my Subjects; *Aaron's Rod*  
 And all your charms for this will prove in vain,  
 Once more be gone, and from these flights abstain,  
 This will not ease, but more increase your pain.  
 Then turn'd and frown'd, and said disdainfully,  
 I'm King of *Egypt*, I your God despise!  
 I scorn to think of a superiour,  
 Who can make Gods. I'll hear of him no more.

'This heard, in haste the flaming Seraphs came  
 'To pay their homage, Cherubs did the same,

' Say



Say'ng Holy, Holy, Holy Lord and true!  
 How long have we blest Spirits honour'd you,  
 Both night and day, not daring once to pry  
 Into the secrets of such Majesty?  
 Yet in our tarvels at your beck, we hear  
 Proud Mortals talk as they your Rivals were.  
 Your patience we've experienc'd in our selves,  
 Whom you confirm'd in grace: but that such elves  
 As they should sharers of this goodness be  
 Is unto us next to a prodigy;  
 Since nobler beings for one single fault,  
 When they attempt your honour to assault,  
 Receiv'd a present *Mittimus* to go  
 From blifs eternal, to eternal woe.

Have you so long domesticks been to me  
 And count one single Act a prodigy;  
 Look back on former ages, there you'll find  
 Greater, and more done by me of that kind,  
 My mercy's great, and cannot be confin'd.  
 When all the Sons of men like *Pharaoh* spoke  
 Reproachfully of me, and did provoke  
 My Justice, then I took a fixed time  
 To vindicate my self, correct that crime,  
 And so I will do now. ———

Take speedy wing  
 To *Moses* saying, you a message bring  
 From me. It's best to see him in the night,  
 That he may be prepar'd when it is light,  
 To wait on vexed *Pharaoh* at the River,  
 Whose heart is hard and faithless yet as ever,  
 And in that state resolves to persevere.

Tell

Tell him from me, that when the Monarch views  
 Himself, and *Aaron*, coming with fresh news,  
 That sight will so exasperate his wrath,  
 He'll threaten both of them with present death,  
 Command him not to fear, but take his Rod,  
 And say once more to him, the *Hebrew*; God  
 Scorns his repulses in the business  
 Of *Isra'l's* going to the Wilderness  
 At his command. — Shall vile Earthworms deny  
 Their maker, and refuse to gratify  
 His just demands? his pow'r will make thee know  
 That thou allegiance unto him do'st owe  
 With full obedience. Pray, Great Sir, believe  
 For God commands that I a sign shall give,  
 These limpid streams that he made for thy good  
 By this small Rod shall turned be to blood,  
 Blood, that to thee may fearful, loathsome be,  
 And all its sinn'd inhab'tants stupify,  
 Thy Rivers shall with blood and fish so stink,  
 That thine (tho fainting) may not of it drink.

This said, the winged Herald took his flight,  
 Leaving his Friend in bed curtain'd with night,  
 Whose sleep was broke by th' awful Messenger,  
 Who left his errand and did disappear ;  
 The message *Moses* must to *Pharaoh* bear.  
 Confused slumbers did again invade  
 The Prophets temples, no sound sleep he had,  
 Till lofty *Titan*, Earth's Ethereal eye,  
 Nights fables tinged with a Rosie dye,  
 Which show'd him that the King was passed by.  
 He drest and blusht, his thoughts were on the River,  
 Th' Almighty speaks, (whose mercy faileth never,

Whose

Whose Judgments slumber not, when he begins  
 To bare his arm, and punish crying sins,)   
 Friend *Moses*, do my will, it is not hid  
 From thee, I've by my self, and Angel bid  
 That thou in this affair should fearless be  
 As *Aaron*, both direction from me  
 From time to time shall have, go hand in hand,  
 While you have brought my Sons out of the Land.  
 Let *Aaron* take the Rod, and shake it over  
 Their Rivers and their Ponds which waters cover,  
 And all their Vessels, wherein they keep sweet;  
 That which they draw for drink, and dressing-meat.  
 For I will turn those waters into-blood,  
 Because they've hitherto my power withstood  
 And slain my subjects, for this cruel deed  
 They in this punishment their sin shall read.  
 As blood was their delight, so blood shall be  
 The first sad sign of their Catastrophe:  
 My Infants tears I cannot longer smother,  
 The griefs and groans of each distressed Mother,  
 The Fathers loss I do with him condole,  
 Infanticide doth vex my very Soul,  
 My Justice must this cruelty controul. }  
 The harmless waters that did suffocate  
 Those half-liv'd babes, shall show my pow'r, my  
 hate,

By painted blushes, tho this Livery  
 Will not yet work the wish'd delivery  
 Of their surviving parents. Go and try,  
 Tho he'll not me by this yet gratify.

Thus authoriz'd, the Brethren haste to *Nile*,  
 Whose early coming made the Monarch smile,

Stood there before: who said, come *Moses*, tell  
Us news from Heav'n, are all things settled well  
In that *Utopean* Territory? say,

Have you command to take my Slaves away?

Yes Sir we have, as you're long shall know,  
None can distrust those good credentials show.

These waters we will in your presence smite,

Waters that bring to *Egypt* wealth, delight,

Because in them you drown the *Israelite*.

They strike, the Flood put on a crimson blush,

Dy'd by the hand that sav'd the flaming bush:

Which quickly turn'd to nauseous putrid blood,

Dazzling the Fishes, tho their sight was good,

They could not see to swim, nor gather food.

But, wondring at the change of th' Element,

Struggle for life, until their life was spent.

The Crocodil's feign'd tears do real grow,

Because they could not rest above, below,

The waters running bloody, thick and slow.

The Tortoises crawl from their warmer Sand,

To lay and hatch their Eggs upon the Land,

All shewing *Pharaoh* 'twas th' Almighty's hand.

Tho he the prodigy with indignation

Beholds, and calls the wise men of the Nation;

Saying, have you this new trick never done?

Are they the Wonder-workers, they alone?

Call up your Demons, and their aid implore,

Or else be gone. I'll be Priest-rid no more.

Most Sacred Sir, you know to us your will  
Is dearer than our Souls, we will fulfil

All your desires, when we clear water find,

We'll do as they have done, and ease your mind,

That

That *Egypt*, you, and all the world may see,  
 It is not fit such Fops to gratify.  
 Believe your Priests, great Sir, your doubt is o're!  
 Well, now my heart is harden'd as before,  
 Let us go home—— My Lord, what shall we do?  
 Cry'd the *Egyptians*, (with a triple bow)  
 Our thirst is great, the Water none can drink,  
 Nor eat the Fish (now dead) for both do stink,  
 We are undone what're the wise men think. }

Remove from *Nile*, deep Wells you may prepare  
 Where *Moses*, nor his Brother *Aaron* were,  
 The subterranean streams, I hope, are free  
 From Incantation, *Jewish* Sorcery.  
 Try, 'tis but sev'n days wonder, when that's o'er,  
*Nile* will be sweet, and clear as heretofore.  
 When they are weary'd we shall have a Truce,  
 With satisfaction for the los, abuse,  
 Done to our sacred person, to our state.

*Elohim* frowning, crys obliterate  
 The name of that proud Prince, his crimes require  
 Both temp'ral Judgments, and eternal Fire.  
 Tell him, my Justice (since he will not mend)  
 Designs far greater plagues on him to send;  
 His clear'd sweet water shall for smell and taste,  
 Be worse than when the blood did it infest;  
 For I will call from thence a croaking host,  
 That cover shall the Earth with Spawn, his Coast  
 Shall be discolour'd, no place shall be free,  
 His House and Bed will both infested be.  
 His Servants, who have yet scarce trouble had,  
 Shall eat the loathsome slime amongst their bread.



52      *Israel's Troubles and Triumph.*

These Frogs, so fast, so numerous will come  
On him and his, that there shall be no Room  
Unhaunted left — I say go tell the King,  
Then with your (hallowed) Rod perform the thing.

The Brothers go, who after honours made,  
Inform'd the King of what *Jehovah* said.  
He seem'd secure and frown'd, they urg'd the case,  
And with a Frog-plague dar'd him to his face.  
Think not, said they, that menaces will do,  
We have command to act and menace too.  
The Wand stretcht o're the stream, a hideous noise  
Was heard, an uncouth croak, harsh-sounding  
(voice

Of new made Frogs, such as the world's eye  
Ne're yet beheld — A loathsom Majesty.  
Sat on their o'er grown bulks, and made them dare  
I' invade their Houses, Temples, without fear,  
Tho newly rais'd, they train'd and valiant were. }  
The trembling King and Country strove to op-  
pose

The inroads of those (unknown) warlike Foes ;  
But all in vain — the more of them they kill  
The more they grew, the more their Houses fill.  
The Palace is not free'd ; the King must bear  
The greatest burden while they quarter there.  
Heav'n gave the Billets, made the Court of Guard  
In *Pharaoh's* House ; this him from sleep debarr'd,  
Who thought each Frog a dying Child ; whose cries  
Pierced his heart, as theirs had pierc'd the Skies ;  
And brought the Judgment under which he groans,  
Because his cruel heart despis'd their moans. }  
Blood-shed and Cruelty make empty Thrones. }

Choak'd



Choak'd with faint fulsome smells, he left his bed,  
Shaking his Locks with Frogs-spawn overspread,  
Then sighs and shrieks, and weeps, and calls who's  
there?

To those lay by; but they opprest with fear,  
Made no return. At last great *Jambres* speaks.  
My Lord, why are you troubled at such freaks?  
I'll make such vermin, if you say I shall.  
No, such delusions do but haste my fall.  
Call Heav'n's Envoys, *Moses* and his Brother,  
There is a God, I cannot longer smother  
My sentiments of this great truth, I see  
That not your art, nor love, can comfort me;  
You have encreas'd my Sorrows, but relief  
Transcends your pow'r. This, this augments my  
(grief.

This said, shame, paleness seiz'd on ev'ry face,  
To see the insolence, impet'ousness  
Of *Titan's* spurious brood, base watry race.  
But most of all o'the Wizards, who begin  
To shrivel up their Noses, Cheeks, and Chin,  
Mutter and howl, because they cannot awe  
*Pharaoh*, as formerly. He doth withdraw.  
They ~~caw~~ and yell than *Cerberus* more loud, *yawn*  
And so expire, Hell gaping for their blood.

*Moses* appears, to whom the King with tears  
Said, you are not insensible what fears,  
What horrors, and what miseries attend,  
The man's abus'd and cheated by his friend.

This is my case, you know I have withstood  
 At their desire, that Heav'n meant for my good  
 Peace, tho I drown'd his Servants in the flood.  
 Now, now alas ! my Land and Conscience feel  
 The worst of woes, think'st not that Heaven may  
 (deal

More mildly with me, since his mercy's great,  
 Beg thou that he remove from my poor state  
 This loathsome fry — I will no more contend,  
 But willingly his loved people send  
 To offer sacrifice. Make this thy care.  
 I'm now convinc'd he is a God of pray'r,  
 And thou his Servant. — This with grave accent  
 He uttered, as tho he did repent.

' Grand Rebels, Murtherers, and Thieves, when  
 (come  
 ' Before the Bench, expecting their last doom  
 ' Have mourning on, and with a piteous tone  
 ' Complain of their misfortunes, every one  
 ' Doth beg for mercy ; yet if Jur' or Judge,  
 ' Or Clement King, give them from law refuge,  
 ' They grow more bold, and act as if they had  
 ' A Royal Lease to follow their old Trade.  
 ' Or like a Miser, who (thro age) doth feel,  
 ' His feared Soul within its house to reel,  
 ' Cries, O this ill-got Gold ! What shall I do ?  
 ' It has destroy'd my Soul and Body too.  
 ' Yet for prevention I will Alms-house rear,  
 ' Or Chappel build, to which men may repair,  
 ' As I have often done, my crimes to hallow,  
 ' Straining at Gnats, that I might Camels swallow.  
 ' If none of these, I to the poor will give  
 ' A mighty summ, that so my Soul may live.  
 ' But,

‘ But, if of that disease he doth recover,  
‘ O! how he frets, and acts his tricks all o’er,  
‘ With more industry, craft, and perjury,  
‘ Say’ng now, I am no more affraid to die.  
— So *Pharaoh* griev’d with Blood, and with the  
Frogs,  
— Calls out for *Moses*, flatters, lies and cogs,  
— As if he’d not been settled on the lees,  
— But rack’d and fin’d by these discoveries, }  
— And fit with them to offer sacrifice.  
— Heav’n condescends, and *Moses* is content  
— With his fair words, tho the y w falsely  
meant.

‘ Thus *Nineveh*’s repentance, tho a flash,  
‘ Kept from its back, the Prophets threatn’d lash,  
‘ And *Abab*’s humbling did for *Judah*’s King  
‘ Obtain reprieve, tho not for his off-spring,  
‘ So *Phaaroh* for a feign’d acknowledgement,  
‘ Had half the plague remov’d, Heav’n on him  
sent.

Thou thou hast now left off self-glorying,  
Said *Moses*, thou may'st glory in this thing,  
That God in mercy will grant thy request,  
And send these Vermin from thy land in haste,  
Commanding them henceforth to make abode  
Within *Nile's* banks. — Contend no more with  
God,  
But pray and wait. To-morrow thou shalt see, }  
This plague remov'd, from off thy land and thee, }  
If to thy words thou add sincerity, }  
Then thou shalt know, that none is like the Lord,  
Whose pow'r will quickly ease to thee afford,

We shall no sooner ask than 'twill be done.  
They pray, Heaven hears, the daring Frogs are  
gone

In shoals to *Nile*, or perisht by the way,  
When God saith go, his creatures must not stay.  
As soon as *Pharaoh* had the news receiv'd,  
He smiling said, your friend may be deceiv'd.  
Kings cannot by their promises be bound  
To *Jove* himself, their Counsellours have found  
Salvo's from his own word, than can oppose  
The faint assaults of every Monarch's foes,  
And I'll believe them, tho I lose my Crown,  
My promise lately made I will not own,  
Nor let them go. — This the Almighty knew,  
Who call'd the brethren, and obedience due  
To his commands required, which they give,  
And he commands, that scatter'd Dust may live,  
Turning to Lice, both upon man and beast,  
That might make *Pharaoh* shuck, and all the rest.

This done, the Itching Monarch calls aloud,  
To *Jannes*, *Jambres*, all the Sophi brood,  
Can you make Lice, said he? No cry'd the Wizard,  
To counterfeit this thing we will not hazard,  
Lest fire consume us, or a worser thing  
That after this, Heav'n may upon us bring  
For what's already done, for here we see  
The print of's Fingers, Pow'r and Majesty,  
Which doth confound us, and our Foppery. }

' A fair confession ; but Hypocrisy  
' Will speak the truth when't thinks the same a lie,  
' When a deluding Sp'rit infatuates  
Prince, Priest or people to despise the fates

' Their

✓

*Israel's Troubles and Triumph.*

57

' Their policy is madness, and their pride  
' Such insolence as God and men deride.

Thus fared it with *Pharaoh*, his release  
From Blood, Frogs, Lice, presage a fourth dis-  
ease,  
The God of Miracles could not behold,  
But must subdue the proud, suppress the bold.

Go, *Moses*, then said he, by morning light,  
Stand before *Pharaoh* in his peoples sight,  
And let him know, it is *Jehovah's* will,  
That he with speed his just commands fulfil,  
In letting *Israel* go, that they may pay  
Their Homage ; if he make them longer stay  
Thro his refusal, by my next alarm  
A fearful Host, great swarms of Flies shall arm,  
Which will molest him more than Frogs or Lice,  
And all his Servants bid him take advice.  
Say, 'tis no cheat, *Goshen* shall make thee know,  
That I my people love, and to them owe  
(By promise) freedom from the noisome beast,  
With every thing, the greatest and the least,  
That may infest them. Tho they dwell by thee,  
Their Habitations shall no shelter be  
To thee, and thine, from stinging, stinking Flie. }  
Observe this warning, since I speak in love,  
Mercy, not Judgment, 'tis I most approve.  
Consider well, the sign will be to morrow,  
And will to thee beginning be of sorrow.

' Who can such charms of love and goodness hear }  
' Unless 't be *Pharaoh*, and not shed a tear ? }  
' But ah ! his Heart, his Bowels hard'ned are. }  
He



He will not let Heav'n convenanted go,  
 But leave to sacrifice at home, (if so)  
 He gives. To which *Moses* made this reply  
 Who gives but half, he doth the whole deny,  
 Because that half is giv'n unwillingly.

Our God commands us to the wilderness,  
 And he best knows which is the fittest place.  
 If among you we stay, then we must offer  
 Such things as you, which our God will not suffer;  
 If ours, it will be said we innovate  
 Your sacred Rites and your Decrees of State;  
 Both these may on us sudden ruin being,  
 And therefore we must plainly tell the King,  
 That since our God hath fix'd the time, the place,  
 And Sacrifice, we must with thee find grace.

When he perceiv'd excuses were in vain,  
 That obstinacy did encrease his pain,  
 The next resolve was feign'd obedience  
 To God and *Moses*: thus, you may from hence  
 Remove, with my free leave, if you will swear,  
 Not to go far, and let me quickly hear  
 That you have begg'd of him to set me free,  
 From the proud insects all, and loathsome Flie.

*Moses* reply'd. If thou do keep thy word;  
 At thy desire we will entreat the Lord,  
 Who (I am sure) will order the retreat  
 Of these wing'd troops, tho' noisome, fierce and  
 great.

To-morrow they shall every one remove  
 From thee and thine, thy gratitude to prove.

The

The thing is done, yet *Pharaoh* still denies  
The people-Licence to do sacrifice:  
Nor Blood, nor Frogs, nor Lice, nor Flies can awe  
The stubborn Prince, nor to obedience draw  
His callous heart ; that self-deceiving cheat,  
Must be out-witted by a plague as great  
As any of the former. Heav'n once more  
Calls unto *Moses* as he did before ;  
Saying, go to the Palace and declare  
To him again, what my intentions are.  
I am his, and the *Hebrews* God, tho he  
Knows not my name, nor his own destiny.  
If he refuse to hearken to this word,  
I will lift up my hand, with flaming Sword  
O'er's Cattle, Horses, Asses, Camels, Sheep  
And Oxen, which he doth in Pastures keep.  
Pestilent fogs shall from the earth arise,  
Malignant vapours, from the starry Skies.

These shall their blood corrupt, whence putrid  
Shall scorch with piercing pains and shiv'ring  
(hears, (sweats.

So that the Oxe shall fall beneath the yoke,  
The sacrifice shall die before the stroke.  
The Horse shall leave his prancing, and his head  
Shall giddy turn, run round, and fall down dead.  
Asses shall bray, and Camels breathe their last,  
And dizzy'd Sheep themselves in Ditches cast.  
The nimble Dogs shall howl, forget their meat,  
And teeming Ewes for pain their Breasts will bear,  
All which will his unhappiness compleat.  
He acts as if he knew not what I meant,  
This shall not be a gen'ral punishment.

**His**

60      *Israel's Troubles and Triumph.*

His only shall it feel, my people's Beasts  
Must be exempted from these (carrion) Feasts,  
They shall continue healthy, fat as ever,  
Mercy shall be the Skreen, by which I'll sever  
Their Herds and Flocks from thine, that thou  
mayst see,

He must be loser that opposeth me.

All's done, and yet his heart doth harder grow,  
Heav'n must him wonders more, and greater shew.

'If Souldiers when their Breaches open lye,  
'Can neither them defend nor fortify ;  
'Do still refuse to make a fair surrender  
'On honourable terms, despise the tender  
'Of Lives and Arms, or what else is thought fit  
'To grant, the next resolve is storming it  
'With resolute bravery, so that they may know  
'From Justice , what they did to Mercy owe.

Thus Heav'n proceeds against him when secure,  
*Moses* nor *Aaron* must make overture,  
But suddenly call out a fixt Brigade  
Of Granadiers, who ne'er yet mercy had  
Where Justice was Commander, Water, Earth,  
Are both too mild, the Tyrants settled wrath  
To mitigate, the fiery element  
Must act its part in *Pharaoh's* punishment.  
I'll give no warning, Go, and Cinders take  
Out of the Furnace, of which you shall make  
Large Hand granado's, and them upward throw,  
Which kindling there shall ashes turn below,  
Ashes, that may breed Boils on Beast and Man,  
Then let his wise men cure them (if they can)

They

They throw, it's done, the dusty ashes fell,  
The *Magi* cry, we ne'er saw such a spell,  
For they like Causticks such Blisters made  
Such Boils and Blains as *Egypt* never had.  
The Sorcerers for shame pulled in their Crests,  
Because their Boils grew on their Heads, Hands, and  
Breasts,

By which their Monarch might most plainly see  
That it was no enchantment, but decree  
For their destruction. Yet the blinded man  
(Acted by God) persists as he began.  
Not mov'd by Blood, Frogs, Lice, nor Flies, nor  
Murrain,

The Boils and Scabs do not his pride restrain,  
This angry Heav'n resents, and gives command  
To *Moses*, saying, Early rise, and stand  
Before the King to morrow, 'nd let him know  
That *Jacobs* God will have his Servants go  
To sacrifice. Bid him look to his State,  
I will no more with him Capitulate,  
But one great plague after another send,  
Until his pride with's life is at an end,  
And Kingdom ruin'd, that the world may see,  
There's none on Earth, hath equal pow'r with  
me.

The Murrain I will turn to pestilence.  
That he and his may death receive from thence, }  
His stubbornness admits of no suspense:  
My first plague could his pride have conquered,  
Second or third, but all by me forbid,  
Struck gently, that his case might warning be  
To all are haughty, stubborn, false as he,  
Each Tyrant shall receive this Tyrants doom,  
Either in this, or in the world to come.

Tell

Tell him, he holds of me his Crown. His rise  
 Was to inform the faithful, and the wise  
 Of my great pow'r and mercy, that they may  
 Tremble at that, and for this ever pray.  
 Thinks he (fond man) that I can always see  
 (And not redress) my peoples misery?  
 No, he shall find about this time to morrow  
 The Heav'n's arm to magnify his sorrow,  
 Clouds dark and pregnant, fortifi'd with Thunder,  
 A stormy shower shall hurl down to his wonder,  
 Hail of such unknown bigness and such weight,  
 As him and his, with present Death will fright.  
 Bid him his Wise men call to assign the cause  
 Of such a rupture in great Nature's Laws.  
 Ask if they can at once raise such a show'r,  
 As may begin such day, and end such hour,  
 And in that time surround th' *Egyptian* Coasts,  
 Then bid defiance to the Lord of Hosts.  
 Go now proud *Pharaoh*, try thy utmost skill,  
 To save thy people from this threatned ill.  
 If thou wilt yet be wise thy Cattle gather  
 Out of the Fields, since thou art *Egypt's* Father,  
 Pity thy Children with their Herds and Flocks,  
 Afford them shelter from the frozen Rocks,  
 Else by this plague such Slaughters will be seen  
 Thro all thy Land as never yet hath been.

- Behold the natures of the obdurate !
- Tho all of them slight mercy, yet ill fate
- Makes some distinction, fear of punishment,
- Forceth a few into acknowledgment
- Of pow'r divine, and for their safety cry,
- Whilst others fear'd and mad, do still deny



'Obedience to their great superior,  
'Hush 'twill be o'er, said they, 'tis but a shower.

Impending woe mov'd such as yet had sence,  
To view the Fields in haste, and bring from thence  
Shepherds and Herdsmen, saying, quickly fly  
Home with your herds and flocks, or all must die.  
*Moses* hath said it, and we do believe  
That he from God, not Satan, did receive  
His Rod, his fearful Rod hath such things done,  
As show they were not wrought by him alone.  
However, we will for our safety try,  
'Tis no great trouble, if we live or dye.  
Others, who no regard had for his word,  
Said, what! *Egyptians* believe the Lord,  
Faint-hearted Fools, unworthy such a King,  
Who laughs at all the Messages they bring  
From their fam'd Gods, our herds shall stay and  
graze,  
And so like men, we'll dare him to his face.

Unheard of boldness, said the Thunderer  
Unto his Servant, now, my mercy's ear  
Is shut for ever. Therefore lift thy hand  
To Heaven, I must send down a starry band  
Of Bow-men, with such Bullets as shall beat  
Out of their hearts this irreligious heat.  
Man, Beast and Herbs, thro all the Land shall feel  
The weighty Stones, the keenness of my Steel.  
Make no delay, to Heav'n thy Rod stretch forth,  
That I may send from the East, West, South and  
North  
Thunder, and Hail, and Fire, these all around  
Shall fly aloft, and run upon the ground,  
With

With so great fury, that the Waters face  
 Bright horror shall adorn, and ev'ry place  
 Looklike it self, transparent, as the Fire  
 And mixed Hail, as if they were entire  
 One body bright, yet terrible to see,  
 Two el'ments joyn'd that never did agree.  
 The Rod's lift up, then from the Clouds a voice  
 Rendeth the Sky with such a dreadful noise,  
 That Earth (tho heavy) cannot longer stand,  
 But reels and staggers, when it feels the hand  
 Omnipotent, who gave it its first base,  
 It gapes and opens so, that there's no place  
 For Pasture, Corn, for Cattle, Herbs and Trees,  
 All sink away unto their destinies.  
 Only in *Goshen* all-wise Providence  
 Against this storm maketh a stout defence.  
 He that the troubled Ocean commands,  
 Forbid the Hail to fall upon those Lands.  
 This unlook'd for, this great discrimination  
 Betwixt th' *Egyptian*, and the *Hebrew* Nation,  
 Made the King serious, who doth now begin  
 With forc'd expressions, to confess his sin  
 To *Moses* and to *Aaron*; saying thus,  
*Egypt* is wicked, Heav'n is Righteous.  
 Good men! entreat your God once more for me  
 To cease the Thund rings, let the Hail storm be  
 Abated, then what you desire I'll give,  
 It is enough if I and mine may live.  
 I'd better lose such Subjects than to hire  
 Them at so dear a rate; they shall retire.

To which the Prophet maketh this reply,  
 I must go hence, before I lift on high.

My heart and hands for thee, unto the Lord,  
That th' Hail and Thunder may cease at my word,  
And turn to their own elements, to show  
That th' Heav'ns above are Gods, and th' Earth  
(below.

But I am sure when this great plague is o're,  
Thy thoughts will be the same as heretofore,  
Faithless and froward, and thy sottish crew  
Of slavish Subjects will their rage renew.

The damage done by this seventh plague's so  
(great,

That with dry Eyes no man can it repeat.  
The Flax now ripe, from whence the Staple trade  
Of Egypt had its rise, and Linnen made,  
By subtil corrufcations withered,  
The pond'rous Hail its bolls (knopt off) interr'd,  
And bowing Barley, calling for the hand  
Of nimble Sythe-man, buried in the Sand.  
The Wheat and Rye that did not yet appear,  
Were only fav'd from this great Massacre.

' The Judgment must be great, all must confess,  
' When Eden's turn'd into a Wilderness.

This Pharaoh saw ; but when thro Moses's pray'r,  
The Sun dispers'd the Clouds, and made all fair :  
When Thunder, Rain and Hail, were called in,  
He waxed worse, and added sin to sin,  
Whose ill example was so prevalent  
With all his Subjects, that they likewise bent  
Their minds on future mischief, and deny  
Their punisher to please or gratify :

F

Who

Who now resolv'd on *Egypt's* desolation,  
 And the deliv'ry of the *Hebrew* Nation,  
 Said *Moses*, Go unto the King, yet know  
 That I his heart have harden'd, he'll not bow,  
 To make my wisdom, power and glory shine,  
 For ages after in the eyes of thine,  
 By thy instruction, and may oft repeat  
 With joy and gratitude, the wonders great  
 For their redemption wrought, and constant prove  
 To thee their Leader, me their great *Jehove*.  
 Away in haste unto the faithless King,  
 And say, the *Hebrews* God remembering  
 His Servants slavery, and thy peevishness,  
 Resolves thy ruin, this is the Express:  
 He wonders at thy refractory Spirit  
 Which will not humble, after thy just merit  
 Hath brought seven plagues; 'tis time his friends  
 were gone,

The eighth is near, a great and grievous one,  
 A dreadful host sent by a scorching wind  
 From the South west, will eat that's left behind,  
 That will disrobe thy new-cloath'd Fields and  
 Trees

Of all their Summer Glories, Liveries,  
 And such a Famine bring as heretofore  
 When *Jacob's* Sons to *Egypt* first came o'er,  
 And greater much, because the *Hebrew* Prince,  
*Joseph* your Saviour is forgot long since,  
 Who (like a father) furnish'd you with Corn,  
 When faint thro hunger you did daily mourn  
 Before his Gate. His wife, his melting heart,  
 Found out new measures by a divine art,  
 That might your wants supply, and you relieve,  
 Not dreaming then that you his race would grieve,  
 With

With stripes, disgrace, with burthens, and with death,

Revenge implacable, and endless wrath.

These are your crimes, and this your punishment,

To morrow Locusts will from Heav'n be sent ;

Locusts, so strange, so great, so numerous,

They'll cover all the Land, and fill each House,

The Land that promis'd you a small supply,

After the Hail and Rain shall putrifie,

The fruitful Trees shall shake their Leaves, and bare

Meadows shall look, as Winter had been there ;

Whate'er proud Nile, and the attracting Sun

Hath forced from the Earth shall be undone ;

Nor shall your Bodies from them be excus'd,

Such measures you shall have as you have us'd,

Your Tongues and Hands were sharpen'd, and your Swords

Destroy'd my people; your most pleasant words

Like Serpents, Vipers, and like Wasps did bite,

The fainting, feeble, famisht *Israelite*.

Their poyson'd stings shall pierce your trembling veins,

Opening their Sluces, as you did the Drains

Thro Nile's great banks, to vex my Servants' hearts,

That when you feel the fury of their Darts,

You may bind up, not chaff the wound, that smarts.

This when the angry Prophet had exprest,

Without farewell, he leaves him, and the rest

Unspoken— All his Counsellors dismaid,

Seeing *Moses* to their King no reverence paid



At his departure, but with high disdain,  
 Show'd by his looks, charg'd him once more on  
 pain

Of Death in haste to let the people go,  
 Cry, 'tis of God, now we must own it so,  
 We must submit unto their God's decree,  
 And not of our own ruin authors be.  
 Tho we could flatter when all things went well,  
 We must give over now, and frankly tell  
 The King that he, not we, began this ~~war~~, ~~strife~~  
 In which we're daily worsted, better far  
 It is to yield, than wait th' unknown event,  
 We see their Magazines cannot be spent.  
 They are not men we fight with, when the pow'rs  
 Of Heav'n and Earth are rais'd, what are ours?  
 A loathsome Louse, a Frog, a Flie can bring  
 Destruction on us, and on our King.  
 Come, lets not dally; here! the Monarch comes  
 Chaff'd with the late affront, he stares, he foams,  
 Who dares accost him in this furious mood?  
 His trembling shows the thirsteth after blood.  
 But we must try before it be too late  
 With him about this matter to debate.

Great Sir, our grief, not boldness, makes us offer  
 The Nations state, our troubles will not suffer  
 Longer connivance, speedy remedy  
 Must be consulted on 'twixt us and thee.  
 Earth, Water, Fire and Air do all agree,  
 (Against our Counsels) to set *Israel* free:  
 It must be done, necessity hath no Law,  
 Pray Sir be wise, and let the men withdraw.

My

My Lords, it is not strange that los and fear,  
 Give you occasion to accost my ear  
 With such surprizing Language. But I wonder  
 That *Jannes, Jambres*, who so oft did Thunder  
 Another Dialect, should cringe and truckle  
 Against the rules of their own art, and buckle  
 To foreign fancies. Yet it grieves me most  
 That this grave Priest should too himself be lost,  
 Who *Pharaoh* wished the fondling brat to kill,  
 His Daughters joy, before he had done ill.

All made returns, the mighty Lords begin.  
 Great Sir, the los is yours, we would not sin  
 Against a Prince so glorious, so great,  
 Against a fertile Land, and potent State,  
 Of all we must be guilty, if we do  
 Our eyes hoodwink, our senses, brains forego.  
 It is the glory of a Courtier  
 First to foresee, and then prevent the shower;  
 This is our Province, time lost to recover  
 Is full of hazard. Pray, Great Sir give over.

The Sorcerers in order next appear,  
 Blushing with shame, and stupi'd with fear,  
 Dread Sovereign (say they) our mortal state  
 Admits of changes, while this grand debate  
 'Twixt Heav'n and you lay dormant, our Ally's  
 Taught us both God and Men how to despise.  
 You, you, great Sir, excepted, now they flie,  
 They dare not ape Heav'n's smallest prodigy,  
 Nor us encourage you to gratify.

The aged Father last of all comes forth,  
 With Mitred head, gray hairs of famed worth,  
 Who said, O King! your great experience  
 Of my fidelity, and vast expence,  
 Deserves of you a better recompence.  
 I told that King before the Child was born,  
 That he would be the cause of *Egypt's* scorn,  
 If then his Death by him had been decreed,  
 As I requested, *Egypt* had been freed  
 From all these plagues. For he himself presaged  
 In Childish sports, what he would do when aged.  
*Pharaoh* his Infant Temples did adorn  
 With *Egypt's* Crown, which he pull'd off in scorn,  
 By which most just suspicion he gave,  
 That he would force the Sceptre, not receive  
 It from his hands. Then, it was my advice,  
 That death should pay him for the enterprize.  
 But now 't's too late, he's King, you his Viceroy,  
 Which (I forsee) you will not long enjoy,  
 He threatens, kills, commands, and which is more,  
 Destroys our Lands, their Fruits, and all our store,  
 There is but one way left us to preserve  
*Egypt* from ruin, that we may not starve,  
 To let them go, that they may serve the Lord,  
 Perhaps this *Moses* may perform his word.  
 He says Heav'n's merciful, and will repent,  
 Of his fierce anger, if ill men relent.

You have o' rcome me, said the raging King,  
 Go out in haste, *Moses* and *Aaron* bring.  
 A Monarch is no Monarch when alone,  
 (His Subjects ruin'd) let the men be gone,

To do as they have said, yet I must see  
Th' extent of this great Goal-delivery.

Moses, Heav'n's fury acted by thy hand,  
I am no longer able to withstand.  
Tell me, but who must go? Let modesty  
Bound your demands, and they shall granted be,  
Who asks too much his own denial craves,  
I will not part at once with all my Slaves.

You are not ignorant, great Sir, I know  
By this time, that my Message from below  
Came not, just Heaven me often did command  
The Tribes to carry out of Egypt's land,  
And they must go Men, Children, Herds and  
Sheep,  
None must be absent, when our Feasts we keep  
Unto *Jehovah* —

Is this the justice of your fam'd *Jehove*?  
Is this the kindness of your God of love  
To his Vicegerents? said the angry King,  
Must they submit to every idle thing  
That he requires? Must every Slave have power  
To spoil their goods, and honours to deflow'r?  
No, this great point I will dispute and try,  
Who must be here obeyed he or I,  
Your little ones as pledges I will keep  
Till you return, Go you with Herds and Sheep,  
If this will not content you, look you to it,  
I'll punish you with stripes and Death to boot,  
The present losses I thro you sustain,  
My honour shall repair, which I'll regain,  
By conqu'ring him, in you his Subjects slain,

Go then I say, and let your Children stay.  
What! Murmur? Serjeants drive the fools away.

The General omnipotent, who far-  
Or near, ne'er yet made one false step in War,  
Laugh'd at the indiscretion of his foe,  
And said to his Lieutenant, you must go  
With new rais'd Troops to curb the insolence  
Of this unwary, this bewitched Prince,  
Let *Eurus* be the Trumpeter, whose breath  
Shall animate the Army, threatening Death,  
Death unto Men and Beasts, that they may see  
I do demand this Goal-delivery.

He spoke no sooner than he was obey'd  
The hand is stretched forth, and Rod display'd  
O'er *Egypt* Land, then the East Wind doth call  
The Catterpillers, Locusts, Insects all,  
Out of their slimy dust, who buz and fly  
About the ears of every stander by,  
Seizing on all the Fruits they could destroy.  
The Earth was cover'd with the numerous swarms,  
No Tree, no Fruit, no Herb, escap't their harms,  
Their Eyes, their Mouths, their Stings were mer-  
ciless,  
This made the Prince with tears, his grief express  
Unto the Brethren, with heart-breaking voice,  
I cannot longer hear this dreadful noise.

'O! that Heav'n had not brought me to the  
Throne,  
'O! that I'd Hermit been, and liv'd alone  
In unfrequented Groves, in Woods and Caves,  
'Careless of Crowns, Lands, Subjects, or of Slaves.



' If Heav'n had been my Canopy, my Bed  
 ' The Flow'ry Earth, the Pillow for my Head  
 ' A bundle of Vi'lets, Pinks or Cammonile,  
 ' Rose-buds with Lillies, and sweat smelling Dill;  
 ' My meat wild Fruits, with quintessence of Bees,  
 ' My Drink sweet Liquors from the juicy Trees;  
 ' My recreation hunting of the Hare,  
 ' The vacant hours I could from Study spare,  
 ' Or Fox or Deer, or what I liked best,  
 ' I had not then by Heav'n been thus oppress'd :  
 ' But so *Jehove* would have it, he did raise  
 ' Me to this shame, for his immortal praise,  
 ' That Kings may learn true wisdom, and their  
 Subjects  
 ' Dread ev'n in thought, such great, such fearful  
 objects,  
 ' As high ambition, Diabolick pride  
 ' Will bring on all, like *Pharaoh* stupifi'd,  
 ' My hainous crimes and grievous punishment  
 ' Will fright the worst, and force them to repent,  
 ' As I begin (O ! may't not be too late)  
 ' I grieve, I mourn, Alas ! — my cursed fate  
 ' Made me offend your God, his Sons and you,  
 ' For which I pardon crave with tears and vow,  
 ' My Life I see is threat'ned, yet spare  
 ' This once, that I may see what's mercies are ;  
 ' Forgive, forgive, my friends, and you shall see  
 ' That weeping *Pharaoh* will not falsify.

*Moses*, the God-like *Moses*, judg'd his heart  
 By his expressions, knew no wheedling art,  
 Whose Sympathy with tears made him depart,

And

And thus accost his maker, I have prov'd  
 The King, who begs this plague may be remov'd  
 At my request, my God, let it be so  
 Since he hath vowed that the men shall go  
 Without delay, yet be that as it will,  
 Omnipotence hath Armies that can kill,  
 As these have done such wonders, more, when  
 shown,  
 The more men will thy Justice, Mercy own.

It shall be done, I'll call a Western Wind  
 Shall clear the Land, (tho you him false will find)  
 That all those living Clouds shall headlong bear  
 To the *Arabick* watry Sepulcher,  
 Whose purple waves will quickly overflow,  
 And send them to the fish that dwell below,  
 A Feast that heretofore they did not know:  
 I will not leave one Locust on his Coasts,  
 That he may know I am the Lord of Hosts.  
 This done, the Hypocrite forgets his woe,  
 His solemn vow, and will not let them go.

*Moses*, said God, the blindness of this man,  
 Hath still encreased since the War began  
 With us, since wonders will not ope his eyes,  
 The Sun, the Moon, the Air, shall him despise,  
 Stretch out thy Rod to Heav'n and damp the Fires,  
 Give light and heat to th' Earth, and mens desires  
 With pleasure gratify, and let no Star  
 Our En'mies guide, it is a time of War,  
 Make the Air thick and black, for three days  
 space,  
 That none of them may see anothers face,  
 But fixed sit, not rising from his place,

Yet

Yet let my Servants have their wonted joy,  
In *Goshen* light to see, that I employ  
My wisdom, power, and justice, arm'd with might  
On their behalf, that they're my hearts delight.

Day put's on mourning, the night birds appear,  
At noon, the Hemisphere wax'd black with fear, }  
Thinking that *Phæbus* would come no more there. }  
*Cynthia* (for shame) creepeth behind the Earth,  
*Castor* and *Pollux* weeping, cease to breath  
Their flaming Vapours, all the rest do wrap  
Their drowsie heads in troubled *Tbetis's* lap.  
Thousands of terrours thro the darkness fled,  
The Ghosts complain'd, the Spirits murmured,  
Then *Egypt* (like the damn'd) did howl and cry,  
For glo worm-light, which Heaven doth them deny.

This made the King again for *Moses* call,  
Say'ng you may go, your little ones and all,  
Except your Flocks and Herds, they must remain  
With me in safety till you come again.

' Ah ! *Moses, Moses*, was not thou the boy ;  
' Drawn out of *Nile* to be the Princess joy  
' In Flaggen boat ? Did not that King pass by  
' Thy Childish faults, and crimes of deeper dye,  
' Of all his Armies thou wast General ;  
' Peer unto him and Daughter, dear to all,  
' All was committed to thy prudent care,  
' Then be not, be not executioner  
' To their successor. — speak yet to thy friend,  
Whose mercies (as you say) do never end,  
Your Cattle leaving for my proper use,  
The rest may go, I will no more refuse.

Sir,

Sir, your fair promise would prevail with me,  
 If I was Master of my Liberty.  
 When I was banish'd first from *Pharoah's Court*,  
 I with my Flocks to *Horeb* did resort,  
*Horeb*, much fam'd for Spirits habitation,  
 I chose for pasture and for meditation,  
 Where I continued, till one Summer-day  
 I sought a Sheep that from the rest did stray  
 Amongst the Thickets, one of which did show  
 Like Flames above, and yet unburn'd below,  
 A voice from thence came to my trembling ear,  
 Which (I am sure) said *Moses*, come not near,  
 The place where thou dost stand is holy ground,  
 This double wonder cast me in a swoond,  
 From which reviv'd, appeared to my sight  
 A form divine, than Cherubin more bright,  
 With charming Language, such as Seraphs use  
 In courting Mortals, who by craft refuse  
 Heav'n's favours, and the best inheritance.  
 By this rous'd up I made a small advance,  
 Whom he perceiving, readily did meet,  
 And (with a Godlike smile) thus did me greet.  
*Moses* in *Egypt* born, thou know'st it well,  
 Its King, and all the Strangers in it dwell,  
 They're mine, tho poor, afflicted and distressed,  
 That King and people have them long oppress'd,  
 Thou must be first Ambassador, then Guide,  
 To bring them over to the other side  
 Of *Jordan*. — Great Sir, this was my Commission,  
 I must not alter it without permission.  
 Pray urge no more, this is a fond device  
 Without our Flocks, we cannot Sacrifice,  
 Nor offerings make. It is *Jehovah's* mind,  
 That we in *Egypt* leave no hoof behind,

This

This general command we must obey ;  
Yet know not when we come, what he will say  
Unto us more. Devotion chiefly tends  
To Heav'n's praise, with many other ends,  
Unknown to thee.—

The more I do comply, the more I treat  
In love and calmness, your new zeal and heat  
Encreaseth, I must leave the whole debate,  
*Moses* be gone, look to thy self, if I  
Again behold thy face, thou'rt sure to die.  
Thou hast well spoken, this is Prophecy,  
For one act more compleats thy Tragedy ;  
A plague to which the rest shall seem but small,  
Shall not upon thy Flocks and Cattle fall  
Alone, as heretofore, but shall destroy  
The oldest pledges of your loves and joy.  
This for a time shall move thy stubborn heart,  
To favour *Ira's*, force them to depart,  
And when resistance thou shalt after make,  
What the Sword leaves, the foaming Sea shall take.

Know then, proud King, when all are fast asleep,  
This night, when thee thy doubled Guards do  
keep,

*Michael*, fam'd for strength and warlike power,  
By Heav'n's warrant, shall break ope each door  
In thy unhallow'd Country, and shall kill  
From *Egypt's* heir, that next the Throne should

To hers that grindeth in the *Bridewel* Mill,  
None of the first-born shall alive remain  
Of Men, of Women, Beasts, all shall be slain,

Whose



Whose dying shrieks and groans shall pierce thy  
Soul,

And make their frighted Parents cry and howl,  
Unheard of woes thy fearful heart shall seize,  
While they in *Goshen* live in health and ease,  
Each of their doors shall have a Centinel,  
The grand destroyers hand that my repel.  
The Crimson'd Posts and Lintels shall reveal  
Heav'n's secret will to him that bears the Steel.  
When thou dost see this great discrimination  
Betwixt the *Hebrew* and *Egyptian* Nation,  
Thy Menaces thou wilt repent, and send  
The best of all thy subjects, who will bend  
To me and say, be gone with all ye have,  
To whom I'll answer; Now, no leave I crave,  
But in despite of you, and of your King,  
At Heav'n's command, we will make offering,  
Do what thou canst, I'll see thy face no more,  
The Dearth thou threat'nest is at thy own door,  
Thy harden'd heart Heav'n's hand will quickly  
break,  
When he on thee, and thine doth vengeance take.

' Ah ! *Pharaoh*, what a dismal change is this ?  
' Must I deprived be of all my bliss ?  
' Upbraided, scorn'd, and slighted by a Slave,  
' Who holds his life of me, yet doth behave  
' As King o'er us, and all we have ?  
' My feeble Gods, whose Altars I have smok't  
' With best Perfumes, your Deities invok't,  
' Why stand you gazing on my misery ?  
' Hath. a poor Shepherd greater pow'r than ye ?  
' And you, infernal Spirits, whose great boasts,  
' Persuaded me there was no Lord of Hosts,  
' Have

' Have you no Philtre, no Enchanted Spell,  
 ' Or is there no experiment in Hell,  
 ' Against this *Moses*, and against his Rod,  
 ' Alas ! I fear you think there is a God;  
 ' If so, I am undone, I'll not submit,  
 ' Destruction is the worst can come of it.

By this time night, the dreadful night drew on,  
 For *Egypt's* first-born's execution.

An Angel thro the Air came flying down,  
 With speedy wing o'r *Egypt's Memphis* Town,  
 Who without sight or noise, view'd all the Tow'rs  
 Of *Pharaoh's* lofty house, and's Subjects Bow'rs;  
 Finds out the Victims, and on them doth try,  
 The keenness of his Sword, by which they die,  
 And dying, with their groans do pierce the Sky,  
 For each, his eldest Child saw gasping out  
 Its tender Soul, with blood which flew about,  
 From Wound, and Mouth, and Nostrils with great

And heard their cries to Heav'n for help in vain,  
 This made a doleful sound o'er *Egypt's* plain.

• *Rachel* mourn'd not so long, so loud as they ;  
 ' When *Benjamin* to his en'mies was a prey,  
 ' Nor when the Fox her Children all did slay ;  
 ' To theirs the mourning in *Megiddo's* vale,  
 ' For good *Josiah* was no parallel.

Here ev'ry House sobb'd out the same complaint,  
 My eldest's dead ! ne'er was such punishment :  
 The King himself awak'd with this alarm,  
 Cry'd out, O Heav'n ! hath this destroyer's arm,

Bercav'd me of my Successor in State,  
 I see I must repent when 'tis too late,  
 Let none (like me) again with Heav'n debate.  
 Call in the Brothers quickly, (tho 'tis night)  
 They shall go hence before next morning light;  
 With Flocks and Herds, and all they can desire,  
 For which great favour I will nought require,  
 But faithful pray'rs to God for me and mine,  
 Who knows? He may repent, his ear inclin e  
 To pity me, and haste his own design?  
 This heard, his Subjects all do beg and pray  
*Moses* to hasten *Israel* away.

Haste, haste, say they, if any thing you lack,  
 We're readier to give than you're to take,  
 Our lives are more to us than what we give,  
 When you are gone, we and our Babes may live.  
 This (like melodious Musick to thierears)  
 Warm'd their chill'd blood, and banish'd all their  
 fears,

They had full wages for four hundred years.

The signal given, our torn and helpless crew  
 (Like forward spring) their Liveries renew,  
 And furnis'd with new garments, and their Slaves,  
 Bid them farewell. Their Victuals drest to halves.  
 Yet their old foes enrag'd to see them go,  
 (Tho with consent) said, it must not be so.  
 Now we are miserable! what have we done?  
 The Slaves with all our Treasures hence are gone.  
 Good news to *Pharaoh*, who a Council calls,  
 Saying, my friends, we must find Generals,  
 Horses and Chariots, Men and Ammunition  
 In haste, you know th' intended expedition.

My

My eyes are open'd, I cannot behold  
Those Slaves enriched with our Cloaths and Gold,  
They took and wear, they 're Trophies of our  
Shame

And Cowardice, which very things to name  
Are worse than death to him, whom Gods above  
Nor men below, could ever yet remove  
From his intended purposes till now,  
Of which the reason yet I do not know,  
Heav'n (sure) 's appeased since I've let them go.  
Tho I perceive, they have no mind to leave  
My borders while they've paid for what they have.  
Their God repents him of the Violence  
Offer'd to us before they went from hence ;  
This makes them go about, and not pursue  
The beaten roads they heretofore well knew ;  
When they for Corn to *Egypt* came, and when  
With *Jacob's* Corps they back return'd agen.  
Their late rebellion proves to them a snare,  
Since they a lazy unarm'd people are,  
They cannot fight, their flight we need not fear.  
Up, let us follow, and cut off their Rear.

Dread Sir, said they, your thoughts were always  
great,  
Nor Gods, nor men, your courage could abate,  
Pray be advis'd before this enterprize  
You undertake, lest you prove after-wise.  
In vain you fought to hinder them when here,  
And we your subjects all about you were.

Our threats, our blows, and what we could invent,  
 Wrought for their good, and for our punishment,  
 Heav'n always doth protect the innocent.  
 Behold the ruins of your shatter'd state,  
 The murder'd Heirs of *Egypt*, small and great.  
 Think on the threatnings you did calmly bear,  
 Think on your darling off-spring, then declare  
 What hopes you have to catch them in a snare,  
 Their God's the same, their Leader constant, wise,  
 Therefore, great Sir, leave off this enterprize,  
 It will prove fatal, if our dream be true;  
 Last night, O King! we saw our selves with you  
 In warlike posture, following the men  
 We lately forc't to go from us, and then  
 We likewise saw Heav'n open'd, whence came down

An Host most terrible 'bout *Succoth* Town,  
 Of Giant stature, and of stern aspect,  
 Who seem'd their Swords to brandish, and direct  
 To our proud Throats, while we did stupid stand,  
 Not daring to resist, move tongue nor hand.

Away with dreams! haste, up and let us show  
 Our selves Heav'n's rivals, and his peoples too.  
 'Tis now or never that we must attack  
 The wand'ring Slaves; and kill or bring them back,  
 Their God himself (it seems) doth them forsake;  
 Their way was smooth and short, nor Seas, nor  
 Rocks,  
 Could stop the passage of themselves or Flocks,  
 But missing that, they have no way to 'scape,  
 The Hills they cannot climb, nor o'er Seas leap,  
 That



That are before them, Wilderness and Rocks  
On each side, we behind, whose deadly strokes  
Will soon reduce them to their Slavery,  
Since they can neither fight, nor from us fly.

This said, they mount their Chariots in haste,  
The Horse and Infantry scarce take repast,  
Who by their doubled marches soon o'ertake  
The frighted *Jews*, whose hearts began to ake,  
Together run in heaps, like fearful Sheep  
Attack'd by Dogs or Wolves, (when those should }  
keep }

Are either absent, or are fast asleep;  
Who pat and stare, the harmless dialect  
Of their just fear, as if that would effect  
Their rescue—— So the Tribes with direful tone  
Cry unto God and *Moses* (whom they stone)  
Would both of you had let us still alone  
To serve in *Egypt*, then if we had dy'd  
We might like men have there been bury'd,  
Whereas we must be drowned now or slain,  
We will beg pardon, and return again.

*Moses*, who all this time was griev'd to see  
The peoples rudeness, infidelity,  
Doth first expostulate, and then entreat  
Them to forbear their blasphemy and heat,  
And wait with patience a successful end  
Of all their troubles. What if you be penn'd  
Up in this Creek? What tho the Rocks and Waves  
Conspire your death? What if these Hell-born  
Slaves  
Resolve your future thraldom and your Death?  
Shake off all fear, there's hope as long as breath.

84      *Israel's Troubles and Triumph.*

'Twas Heav'n that brought you hither, and not I,  
 To show his pow'r in your delivery,  
 Which you should not distrust, but magnify,  
 Since he is faithful, who hath promised,  
 And by this work will show that you are freed  
 Beyond your expectation. Stand but still,  
 Whatever *Pharaoh* thinks, it is Gods will  
 That you escape this danger, and your foes,  
 The outmost feel of their (late) feared woes.  
 Stand still. Heaven bids me say, you have no  
 cause

To grieve, they must submit unto his Laws,  
 While you look on, and with triumphant Tongues  
 Sing his due praise, who hath redress'd your  
 wrongs.

All silent, and the Prophet gone to pray,  
 Heav'n's hears, commands, that *Isra'l* make his way  
 Unto the foamy shore, where they must stand  
 Fearless, and wait the ebb, when *Moses's* hand  
 Shall smite the Waves, and bid them bare the  
 Sand,

To make a way pal'd on each side with glass,  
 On which the fainting Tribes might safely pass,  
 Beyond the reach of any Enemy  
 May them infect, or make discovery  
 Of their night-march, until it was too late,  
 With God or *Moses's* friendship to create,  
 Who will behonour'd on all those that know  
 Him, or shall read of this great overthrow.

They

They move, th' *Egyptians* laugh and say aloud,  
 We thought the *Hebrews* God had understood  
 What was most proper for his peoples good ;  
 But now we plainly see they're led by chance,  
 Which cannot work their wish'd deliverance,  
 They're safe enough. — Halt, let the Infantry  
 Refresh themselves, and sing the Victory,  
 To morrow will be soon enough to drive  
 The fools into the Sea ; or keep alive  
 Such as will quarter crave, and say, they are  
 (At our disposal ) Prisoners of war.

Their Arms grounded, the Horses Provender  
 Eat, Chariots serve for Tents in sudden War,  
 Where they betook themselves to free repose,  
 And did conclude, tho Heav'n was to dispose  
 Of both the Armies, who his Angel sent  
 To guards his friends when thro the Sea they went,  
 By spreading of a dark and dismal Cloud  
 O'er *Egypt's* Host, while lighted Torches stood,  
 By the transparent walls to fright the Flood,  
 And light his Servants to the other shore,  
 That they might see their enemies no more  
 Alive. — The sign giv'n, Heav'n rais'd the wind,  
 That made the Sea contract it self, and bind  
 Its furious waves, that they might not o'erflow  
 The Walls above, nor the new way below.

*Israel* trod safe, th' *Egyptians* pursue,  
 Nor knowing where they were till morning dew  
 Was by the Sun exhal'd, and they o'erthrew.  
 The Foot and Horse sink in the slimy Sands,  
 The Chariots cast their Wheels, the Riders hands

Were feeble, when they saw themselves surrounded  
 By th' impetuous Ocean that rebounded  
 With swelling, forc't by Thunder and by Rain,  
 While they fought to retire, but all in vain,  
 Heav'n fights for them; said they, why should we  
 strive

Against the stream? Is *Pharaoh* yet alive?  
 He was the author of this Tragedy.  
 Oh! dye we must, we cannot longer flie  
 Vengeance Divine, which we have justly brought  
 Upon our selves, and this destruction wrought:  
 Winds have no ears, the Seas are merciless,  
 When Heav'n by Men or Angels sends th' express. }  
 Farewel dear *Egypt*, farewell happiness.

' Let Tyrants tremble where my pen relates  
 ' Th' Almighty's fury, and th' *Egyptian* fates.  
 ' They fight, he wards, till that unhappy war  
 ' Wax'd so intense that justice could not spare.  
 ' Small parties foil'd, he call'd the *Arieaban*,  
 ' Armies too fierce, too numerous for man,  
 ' The Serpent leads the Van. Their waters fry }  
 ' Themselves in blood, and took its crimson dye,  
 ' Blood, that their Streams with stench did putrify, }  
 ' The drowfy Insects all strong poyson speak,  
 ' Frogs haunt the Palace as the watry creek.  
 ' Lice there without an optick might be seen  
 ' On the Kings Carpets, and the Peasants Skreen.  
 ' The mystic Clouds forbad the healthful Sun,  
 ' Sucking their poyson while the work was done.  
 ' He likewise blusht to see the insolence  
 ' Offer'd to wisdom and omnipotence.

' The

- ' The Stars danc'd up into a higher sphere,
- ' To bath themselves in the Crystal waters there.
- ' Hell storm'd the lower orbs, and left its hue
- ' Black as *Egyptian*, and then withdrew.
- ' At last a Prince of great fidelity
- ' In Heav'n's guards, the first Majestick high,
- ' With veiled face, his humble honours made
- ' To his adored Sovereign thus said.
- ' Holy of Holies, 'tis your patience
- ' Procures you all this trouble and expence.
- ' Give me command, and this great debate
- ' Shall soon be ended with their first born's fate.
- ' Your pow'r, my hand, the Rebels seed shall kill,
- ' As they the infant blood of yours did spill.
- ' He goes with armed Pestilence and Sword,
- ' Two edged, sharp, for both were Heav'n's word,
- ' And smote the first of all their Beasts and Men,
- ' The sottish crew (too late) believed then.
- ' So Heav'n would have't, that by this overthrow
- ' Of theirs a false presumptuous world might }  
know }
- ' That first or last he would proud mortals bow. }
- ' Who hastes his out with all things necessar'e }
- ' For their intended journey and their fare. }
- ' But ah! the wicked's mercies cruel are, }
- ' For they like Bears robb'd of their Whelps when }  
young, }
- ' With furious haste after Heav'n's Free-men throng,
- ' Resolving to make one attempt for all,
- ' Return Victorious, or for ever fall.



' And so it was, for they no sooner charge  
 ' The Rear of those he did intend t' enlarge,  
 ' Than the great Angel of the Covenant came,  
 ' (As after in the Flesh) and quencht their flame:  
 ' He was the guide, who led them to the shore,  
 ' A place made by his power fit to pass o'er,  
 ' A Cloud gave light to them that went before. }  
 ' He view'd the Rear, and made the Cloud opac  
 ' To 'mazzé th' *Egyptians*, and to keep them back,  
 ' Commanding *Moses* to divide the stream,  
 ' While they all night lay in a Golden dream.  
 ' Pleas'd with the hopes of Conquest, while the  
 ' Show'd them the Nest, from whence the Birds were  
 ' The way they thought was pleasant, smooth and  
 ' Not knowing that that way would them enshrine,  
 ' And so march boldly till a furious Wind  
 ' Rais'd by *Jehovah*, did the Walls unbind,  
 ' That rail'd the path to guide his people safe  
 ' To th' other side. This did th' *Egyptians* chafe,  
 ' For untam'd furies swell and fill the place,  
 ' Where *Israel* dry-shod walkt, no empty space  
 ' Was left. The Quick-sands rise, they sink below, }  
 ' The billows did their Chariots overthrow,  
 ' Teaching them by experience Heav'n to know. }  
 ' Half dead, some backward and some forward  
 ' Tho *Neptune* vow'd none should go out alive. strive,

'Prayers

Prayers were their last shift, but they pray'd in  
vain,

Men of deserv'd ills must not complain.

Their King they blame for his ill conduct had,

He blames himself for all his insults made

Gainst God and *Isra'l*, the last words he said.

His Standards fallen, and all his daring blades,

Drunk with the Sea, he tumbled to the shades.

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T H E

T H E  
SONG of MOSES  
After the VICTORY.  
E X O D. XV.

'A Wake my Soul and sing *Jehovah's* praise,  
 'O! may *Jehovah* my dull Spirits raise,  
 'May Heav'n's Arch-Flamine give me light and  
 heat,  
 'That I with Zeal may on this subject treat.  
 'O! that I might that double portion have,  
 'Eijah once to his *Elisha* gave.  
 'May Choires of Angels from the sacred Throne,  
 'Help me to sing this *Epinicion*.

Great God ! our lives, our all, we owe to thee,  
 For thou alone hast got this Victory,  
 By drowning all our en'mies in the Sea.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Horfes

Horses are vain things to be trusted in,  
Char'ots tho Iron, by the Riders sin,  
Will drown and sink when Justice doth begin.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

No battle ever so unequal known,  
Never was host so easily o'erthrown,  
The Winds and Sea this wond'rous work have done.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

We, we faint-hearted Foreigners stood still,  
(Trembling and scolding) tho against our will,  
Until we saw our en'mies case was ill.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

Then we some prospect had of Victory,  
When thou for us a path made thro the Sea,  
'Twas thou, not we triumphed gloriously.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

We thro thy strength do stand upon this shore,  
And see our en'mies floating dead, nay, more,  
Their Horse and Chariots tost the flood allo're.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

He is my strength, my song, and my salvation,  
He hath reliev'd the hated *Hebrew* Nation,  
Therefore I will build him an habitation.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

His Covenant with faithful *Abra'm* made,  
What he to *Isaac* and to *Jacob* laid,  
Is all fulfilled by this our present aid.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

What

What Men of War do for those in distrets,  
His pow'r for (feeble) us hath done no less,  
His name's *Jehovah* whom we'll ever blefs.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

The proud Kings Host was utterly destroy'd,  
When they our Lives and Land thought to've enjoy'd,  
And us (as formerly) in Bricks employ'd.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

His chosen men not able to withstand,  
The watry Troops unhors'd, and on the Land  
Are cast or bury'd in the slimy Sand.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

This unknown way was made for us alone,  
Soft for our feet, the Rocks upon us shone,  
Which they attempting, sunk down like a Stone.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

We have experience of thy wondrous pow'r,  
Thy glor'ous right hand did our foes devour,  
Saving us at our last and fatal hour.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

Thou didst but blow upon them, yet that wind  
Gather'd the floods together, and did bind  
Them up in heaps, that we a way might find.

*Sing Hallelujah.*

The



*The Song of Moses, &c.*

93

The en'my said, pursuing we will take  
These fugitives, and kill or bring them back,  
Dividing all the spoil we from them take.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Lord! who among the Gods is like to thee?  
Spotless and Holy, full of Majesty,  
Thy praises fearful, wonders many be.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Thy mercy we believe will save and lead  
Thy Sons redeem'd unto a fertile meed,  
Where they may safely rest and freely feed.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

They that inhabit *Palestine* shall hear,  
Approaching sorrow will increase their fear,  
With all their Neighbouring Countries far or near.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

The lofty Dukes of *Edom* shall be then  
Greatly amazed, *Moab's* mighty men  
Losing their courage, tremble shall with pain.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

The *Canaanites* (tho strong) with grief oppress,  
With trembling hearts and voice will say, it's best  
To leave the Land, that *Isra'l* may have rest.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Such dread shall fall upon them by thine arm,  
As will their mouths stop, lest they offer harm  
To us when we do over *Jordan* swarm.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Then

Then to the place of thy great holiness  
Thou shalt us bring, and we with joy express  
In all our Songs this weighty business.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Say'ng, O Lord, thou shalt for ever reign,  
Since *Pharaoh* and his Host, who caus'd our pain  
Are drown'd, and we on dry Land see them slain.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

It is our turn, said *Miriam* now to sing,  
The weaker Sex by praise may honour bring  
Unto *Jehovah Nissi*, our great King.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Our instruments of all sorts let us take  
Harps, Flutes, with Timbrels and sweet Music  
To him, who hath wrought wonders for our sake.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

Great God! our lives, our all we owe to thee,  
Since thou alone hast wrought this Victory,  
By drowning all our enemies in the Sea.

Sing *Hallelujah*.

RETOUR O A N D F  
H B H B H B H B H B  
FINIS.

R D M H M M M M M M

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